

JANUARY • 1953

The Rotarian

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

Ten Places in Europe

LOWELL THOMAS

Booby-Trap Highways

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A Day at the Louvre



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Your Letters

Footnoting Da Vinci

By O. EDGAR WRIGHT, *Rotarian*

Clergyman

Winfield, Kansas

The article *Updating Da Vinci* [THE ROTARIAN for November] intrigues me. Even at that you didn't exhaust the versatility of this strange character in the field of theology and social behavior. It is almost amusing how a popular song can affect a man's fame after five centuries. For all my life he was famous as a painter of *The Last Supper* painted on the refectory wall in a monastery in Milan, Italy. Now he is tagged with *Mona Lisa*.

Hoover Article 'Finest'

Says M. E. ELLINGER, *Rotarian*

Lumber Distributor

Hagerstown, Maryland

I believe that the article by J. Edgar Hoover, *You versus Crime* [THE ROTARIAN for November], is one of the finest I have ever read.

This is the letter I have written to the other 116 members of our Club:

If you will take ten minutes to read *You versus Crime*, by J. Edgar Hoover, Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation, November, 1952, ROTARIAN, you'll get a picture of how each Rotarian and each citizen can help make Hagerstown a finer city than it is at present.

It seems to me that if every Rotarian in the world would follow the principles outlined by Mr. Hoover, it would be one of the greatest moves toward curtailing crime, not only in this country, but throughout the world.

Footnoting Mr. Hoover

By FRANCIS R. BRIDGES, JR., *Rotarian*
Florida Parole Commissioner

Tallahassee, Florida

Certainly I agree with J. Edgar Hoover in his statements in *You versus Crime* [THE ROTARIAN for November], but I think there should be added one additional suggestion to the citizens of this country.

We should be ready and willing to help an individual who has a criminal record if the person is making every effort to help himself. As a member of



"Here they are. I never saw anyone so anxious to go visiting as the Smiths."

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the Florida Parole Commission, I recently had this experience:

We had released an individual on parole in 1943. He was a first offender at the age of 19, having been convicted on a charge of unarmed robbery revolving around the excessive use of alcohol. That young man, shortly after being released on parole, was accepted by the United States Army for service in World War II. He was separated from the Army March 6, 1948, with a rank of sergeant as a radio mechanic. The next year he obtained employment with one of the country's largest corporations. His immediate superior knew of his past record for he told him that he had been convicted and that he had completed successfully his parole. He continued in that employment until October of this year, when he was summarily discharged, the only reason being that he had a criminal record. Officers of the company told me that the man's record with the company was "exemplary." Fortunately for society, the young man, who had established himself in the community satisfactorily, took the reverse squarely on the chin, but kept his feet on the ground, and therefore is now trying to re-establish himself economically.

So often in my professional work I strike an indifference on the part of the people toward lending a helping hand.

Do not get me wrong. I fully realize there are many individuals who should, for their own protection and the protection of society, be restrained for their lives. I also recognize that changes in attitudes occur in some people. Such changes I have recognized in my own thinking, and I know that virtually everyone has had that experience. Therefore, it behooves all of us, in my opinion, to help those individuals who want to help themselves.

More on Morse

From STEPHEN G. RICH, *Rotarian*
Stamp-Catalog Publisher
Verona, New Jersey
In Six Dying Herculeses [THE ROTARIAN

IAN for November], Harold Helfer, the author, says that Samuel Morse "took a small room" in New York while working on the telegraph. Actually, Morse, then a professor at New York University (then called the University of the City of New York), had his living quarters, as did many of the unmarried faculty, in the University's old building on Washington Square East. The quarters were furnished as part of the professorial pay. It does not seem to be known

just which room he occupied, but it is a matter of record that on the roof of the old building, on the south tower, he set up his two miles of wire, stretched back and forth. The site of this roof is the present Room 510 in Main Building, New York University.

In the illustration, Ernest King has Morse wearing a beard. Morse did not wear a beard till years after he invented the telegraph [see cut].

Right Book, Wrong Author

Says DAVID M. ROSE, *Rotarian*
Clergyman
Oshawa, Ontario, Canada

Your excellent book reviewer, John T. Frederick, writing in THE ROTARIAN for October, implies that the author of *Hudson's Bay Trader* was Lord Tweedsmuir, one time the beloved Governor General of Canada. The book was, however, written by his son, the second Baron Tweedsmuir, and published, I think, some time after his father's death.

Mighty Hunter Provides Bang

For HOMER C. CRISMAN, Clergyman
President, Rotary Club
Torrington, Wyoming
I got a bang out of *Lo, The Mighty Hunter* [THE ROTARIAN for November]. Having done [Continued on page 56]

Rotary Foundation Contributions

ICELAND

Isafjördur (19).

JAPAN

Kashiwazaki (22); Numazu (28); Tottori (28).

SOUTH AFRICA

Pietermaritzburg (69).

UNITED STATES

Radford, Va. (51); Rumford, Me. (40); Cooperstown, N. Y. (71); Bolivar, Tenn. (33); Greene, N. Y. (39); Franklin, N. C. (44); Sonora, Calif. (22); Hudson, N. Y. (72); Clifton Springs, N. Y. (53); China Lake, Calif. (21); Meredith, N. H. (31); Milton, Pa. (70); Ville Platte, La. (28); Junction City, Kans. (68); Strasburg, Va. (44); Osterville, Mass. (35); Westminster, Md. (70); Hillsboro, Tex. (37).

THIS ROTARY MONTH

NEWS NOTES FROM 35 EAST WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO

BUSY START. That is what the new year will get off to at Rotary's Central Office. Several important events are scheduled for January. The Nominating Committee for President in 1953-54 is to meet and make its selection, and the Board of Directors of Rotary International is to convene for its regular mid-Rotary-year meeting. Present at Board sessions will be the 14 men from eight lands who make up this top administrative body.

PRESIDENT. In the head chair during the Board's deliberations will be President H. J. Brunnier, who will have just completed a two-month Rotary tour that took him to a score of Clubs in the Eastern Hemisphere. The final stages of his 35,000-mile trip found the President and his wife, Ann, in The Philippines and Japan attending Rotary meetings in those countries.

BOARD. Action recently taken by the Board included these decisions: Approved the recommended program for the 1953 District Assemblies, and urged that District Governors omit all entertainment and recreational activities from the program; approved the program for the 1953 International Assembly at Lake Placid, N. Y., and named English and Spanish as the languages to be used for the wireless translator system at the Assembly; authorized the publication of the "News Broadcast"—which is sent by the Secretariat to all Club Presidents and Secretaries—in French to augment issues currently printed in English, Spanish, and Portuguese.

CONVENTION. Rotary's North American Transportation Committee continues to hold good accommodations on transatlantic ships and planes for Rotarians and their families who will attend the International Convention in Paris, May 24-28. Clubs in North America were advised recently that because of the demand for these accommodations by non-Rotarian travellers the Committee would not be able to hold them much longer. Thus, the Committee urges that transportation reservations be made now through its offices at 587 Fifth Avenue New York 17, N. Y.

IT'S SEATTLE IN '54. Rotary's 45th Annual Convention will be held in Seattle, Wash. The dates are to be June 6-10, 1954.

NEW "GS." As of January 1, Rotary will have a new General Secretary. He is George R. Means, former Assistant General Secretary, elected by the Board to take over upon the retirement of Philip Lovejoy. The December, 1952, issue told about both.

MEETINGS. Nominating Committee for President.....Jan. 16-17...Chicago
Rotary Headquarters Committee.....Jan. 18....Chicago
Board of Directors.....Jan. 19-23...Chicago
International Student Exchange Committee.....Jan. 26-27...Chicago

CHICAGO VISITORS. To the Secretariat recently came 32 New Jersey Rotarians from 21 Clubs for a two-day visit that acquainted them with every phase of the Central Office service to Rotary throughout the world. Who they were, what they saw and learned, will be told in text and photos in the February issue . . . Among the 32 Rotarians was Harry Jones, of Newton. While in Chicago he presented the Rotary Foundation with a check for \$10,000. (More about this also next month.)

VITAL STATISTICS. On November 24 there were 7,644 Clubs and an estimated 362,000 Rotarians. New and readmitted Clubs since July 1, 1952, totalled 79.

The Object of Rotary:

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

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The Editors

WORKSHOP

NO POLICY is so barren, so certain to fail, as that of maintaining the status quo. If leadership is to be successful, it must develop constructive and creative programs that will capture the imagination and enlist the support of the multitudes whose interest in battling political, economic, and racial injustice is greater than their interest in defending such injustice merely because somebody attacks it.

A MAN who this month steps into a position of leadership in which much of the world takes a deep interest said the words above in this Magazine in May, 1949. His name is John Foster Dulles; he was writing on *Leadership through Fellowship*. And the man who named Mr. Dulles Secretary of State of the U.S.A.—well, you see a familiar photo of "Ike" on our *Rotarians in the News* page. Away back in '43 Dwight D. Eisenhower warmly accepted honorary membership in the Rotary Club of Abilene, Kansas (and if you want to see how "at Abilene it was always 'Ike,'" turn back to an article by that title in our September, 1945, issue. Ike's fellow Rotarian Charles M. Harger wrote it).

WE ARE thinking of striking off a medal for Lowell Thomas, citing him as a *Master of the Art of the Terse Yet Friendly Business Letter*. We spent 371 words asking him if he'd do what he has done for us in this issue. His reply in full: "Sure I'll be glad to help on that. When is the deadline?" . . . Which, for some reason, starts us searching through a file for a letter we once received from Rotarian Allen Sawyer, of Weston, Massachusetts. A neat brown sticker at the bottom of it says, "Let's drop 'Dear' in Business Letters—Are you with us?" Are you?

MAIN STREET is the title of a booklet about traffic accidents which a large insurance company gets out each year . . . and it would have made a good one for John Kord Lagemann's article. We can't guess to what degree you'll agree or disagree with him, but we will wager you will find him stimulating and informing on the subject of better highways for safer living—a goal toward which hundreds of Rotary Clubs and Rotarians bend uncounted efforts year in and year out. We'll welcome your comments.

THIS MAGAZINE marks its 42d birth day this month . . . a fine, mature age, think men who've reached it, "mere youth" say those twice past it. In any

case, many Rotarians are writing in to say their Clubs want to take note of the anniversary in a Club program during "THE ROTARIAN Week"—the last full week in January—and ask what help we can offer. Our answer—and mighty happily given: just write for our *THE ROTARIAN Week Kit*. It will be ready soon; it will be free. . . . Which makes this the place to salute our colleague Manuel Hinojosa Flores, Editor of *REVISTA ROTARIA* since its birth in 1933. In a brief ceremony here in the workshop a few days ago he received the Bernardo O'Higgins Medal (Order of Merit) of Chile—from the hands of Dr. Franklin Quezada Rogers, Justice of Chile's Supreme Court and Santiago Rotarian. It was for his long service in the cause of international understanding.

The Rotarian
JANUARY 1952
Two Pages in Europe
Rotary Club Highways
Rotary in Europe
A Day in the South



Our
Cover

IT WAS a bright afternoon in Bruges. A U.S.A. photographer by the name of Duncan Edwards was strolling down Wolplaats avenue in this venerable Flemish city of Belgium. Of all the lace makers who'd brought their work out into the sun on this lace-making street in this famed lace-making town, sweet old Sabine Lucas at 8 Wolplaats interested him most—and cheerfully consented to let him click his Speed-Graphic at her. The color transparency from which our cover was made (and which Freelance Photographers Guild supplied) resulted. . . . To make sure that the fine art of Sabine Lucas and her sisters shall survive, the town fathers of Bruges have opened a lace-making school where girls 6 to 14 learn from wrinkled old hands how to click the spindles and follow the fragile patterns. Belgium's high place in lace—to be observed firsthand by many Rotary folks when they visit Europe for Rotary's Convention in Paris in May—seems assured.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!—Eds.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS



Collins TOM COLLINS has mounted speaker's platforms nearly 6,000 times to deliver addresses sprinkled with humor. A newspaper editor for 15 years, he now directs publicity for a Kansas City, Mo., bank, and has trimmed his speaking schedule from some 350 talks a year to an average of 200.

Following his graduation from college two decades ago, JOHN KORD LAGEMANN began writing for magazines. His assignments have taken him to Europe and in most of the States. He lives in New York, likes to sail.

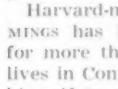
A spare-time free-lancer, W. J. BANKS edits the *Canadian Police Bulletin* in Toronto, Ont., Canada. He's a University of Toronto graduate and an avid philatelist.

A Rotarian of Sydney, Australia, since 1938, O. D. A. OBERG is a Past District Governor and former International Committeeman. He heads a timber business and is active in Australian employer groups. He has twice been decorated by Great Britain.



Oberg LAURA HADDOCK is a staff writer for the *Christian Science Monitor*, and writes often about the work of the Juvenile Court in Boston, Mass.

Writer, homemaker, and mother of two sons is MARY JACOBS. Combining free-lancing with homemaking is easy, she says, if you have "a good-natured husband."



Harvard-man PARKE CUMMINGS has been free-lancing for more than 25 years. He lives in Connecticut and calls himself "a rural guy."



Banks

When the debates-of-the-month first appeared in *THE ROTARIAN* back in '33, ARTHUR M. LOCKHART was a member of the Magazine Committee of Rotary International. He's a Long Beach, Calif., Rotarian and oil man.



Cummings

C. A. WEBER, a Willimantic, Conn., Rotarian, is a professor of education at the University of Connecticut.

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IN THIS ISSUE

VOLUME LXXXII

JANUARY, 1953

NUMBER 1

| | |
|--|----|
| This Rotary Month | 3 |
| Spinning the Golden Strand | 6 |
| My 10 Favorite Places in Europe | 8 |
| 'As the Twig Is Bent | 11 |
| Let's Get Rid of Booby-Trap Highways | 12 |
| Answer Everything? | 15 |
| A Day at the Louvre | 16 |
| School for Survival | 20 |
| Don't Scuttle Your Meeting | 22 |
| He Builds New Lives | 25 |
| Twenty Years of Debates-of-the-Month | 26 |
| Birth Control for New Ideas? | |
| 'Technique for Accommodation' | 28 |
| Inventors Don't Invent Enough | 29 |
| Consistency in Leadership | 30 |
| The Old People Remembered | 32 |
| It's Boston for Beans Books | |
| and Better Boys | 34 |
| Speaking of Books | 37 |
| Peeps at Things to Come | 39 |
| Elmer Jones Gives a 'Classification Talk' | 40 |
| Other Features and Departments: | |

| | | | |
|---|----|--|----|
| Your Letters | 1 | Some Lines of Type—and a Life | 43 |
| Rotary Foundation | | Rotary Reporter | 44 |
| Contributors | 2 | On Hand Every Week! | 49 |
| The Editors' Workshop | 4 | Blue Print | 54 |
| Hats Off! | 7 | 'Eddie Is a Dull Boy' | 55 |
| New Outlook for Reineta | 14 | Opinion | 60 |
| Human Nature Put to Work | 24 | One Man's 'Family' | 60 |
| Treasure Hunter | 36 | Hobby Hitching Post | 62 |
| Looking at Movies | 38 | Stripped Gears | 64 |
| Personalia | 42 | | |



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Spinning the Golden Strand

*It is the dynamic spirit that makes history:
Rotarians can weave it into the fabric of the future.*

By O. D. A. OBERG

Rotarian, Sydney, Australia

SOME 75 years ago Thomas Carlyle advanced the theory that history is the lengthened shadow of great men. While the theory has often been disputed, it seems beyond dispute that the *dynamic spirit* which has impelled most of our great men is essential to the survival of nations, cultures, causes—indeed, of the human species. Lacking it, they all must flag and fall. This dynamic spirit, running throughout the course of history, might well be called "The Golden Strand."

In today's world no greater duty faces Rotary, I believe, than to encourage and foster such dynamic spirit. Rotary's responsibility in the face of this challenge is implicit in the wording of the fourth avenue of service, when we refer to "The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service."

This objective must be at all times our ultimate and highest goal in Rotary: understanding, goodwill, and peace.

There has never been, *there never can be*, any substitute for personal service. It is no use for an individual to say, "This problem is too much for any one person. What can one person do alone?" I remind you of Emerson's words: "Every great reform was once a private opinion."

Surely in this thought we see our golden strand in international relationships. Each year to Rotary's International Assembly come men from almost every corner of the earth, men differing widely in race, color, ideology, and back-

ground—yet with the warm human blood and emotions common to all mankind. They meet on a common level, motivated by one basic impulse, to serve their fellowman through Rotary. So must the peoples of all nations realize this common goal if we are ever to have international understanding and world peace.

It is significant that a defeatist outlook, a negative approach, has often swayed our greatest leaders.

James Wilberforce said in 1801: "I dare not marry, the future is so uncertain."

William Pitt said in 1806: "There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and despair."

The dying Duke of Wellington said in 1852: "I thank God I shall be spared from seeing the ruin that is gathering about us."

Today some of us view the future in similar desperation. We must face the realities of the world situation as we work for something better. Our action resides, not with individual Clubs, but with individual Rotarians.

One thing each of us can do is try to speak from fact—not prejudice, not emotion. So many people presume to speak with authority these days. They remind me of the busybody who saw his neighbor pruning his orchard. "I don't want to interfere," he said, "but from the way you are pruning that tree I know you won't get ten pounds of apples next year."

The neighbor nodded. "That I know full well, my friend. This happens to be a pear tree."

Guest EDITORIAL

Rotarians have a special duty in the spreading of accurate information. In fact, I believe we can draw up a full program for the individual Rotarian who would serve the cause of international understanding.

1. When at home—and especially when abroad—he should conduct himself as a responsible citizen of his own country.

2. He should keep himself well informed on current issues of national and international importance. He can correct misrepresentations only with facts.

3. He can help in the assimilation of new peoples in his community—displaced persons, immigrants, or people of other ethnic groups.

4. He should pay special attention to agencies of international understanding, such as the United Nations, and cultivate informed opinion on international law.

5. He should pledge himself to a better understanding of his fellowman, regardless of race, color, or creed.

6. He should help personally to increase points of contact among young people of different nations. To that end he can support generously the work of the Rotary Foundation.

There are other ways to increase our personal International Service. They vary with the individual's own talents and his own community. But these suggestions provide a starting point. In these ways, day by day, we can spin our golden strand. We can weave it into threads of understanding and goodwill, strengthened through Rotary fellowship, which will draw us toward a more hopeful world.

Hats Off!

TO SEVEN
ROTARIANS
IN THE NEWS

YOU can tell a Rotarian by the cogwheel in his lapel, perhaps by his friendly manner, certainly by the leadership he gives his community and chosen vocation. Here are seven cases in point. Each man has recently made news as a leader. Each is a Rotarian. Hats off to all of them!



James H. Hughes, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, has been elected president of the Tubular Exchanger Manufacturers Association

Hopkins



Paul E. Clissold, of Chicago, Illinois, now leads the Associated Business Publications as the group's newly elected president.



C. W. Brown, of Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, has been elected president of the National Editorial Association in New York.

Smith



Arthur J. Packard, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, is now serving as newly elected president of the American Hotel Association.



Eton H. Harrison, of Clarksville, Tennessee, heads the United States Wholesale Grocers' Association as its president.

Chase

Edward T. Dwyer, of Portland, Oregon, has recently been elected to head the American Title Association as its President.



United Press Photo

Headlines tell the story: "Ike Wins!" Here is Dwight D. Eisenhower, honorary Rotarian of Abilene, Kans., on his triumphal election eve. Later this month he will be inaugurated as the 34th President of the U.S.A.

My 10 Favorite Places in EUROPE



Patch from Black Star

IN SPAIN, my choices are Toledo, Granada, and Seville, where this airy courtyard sits in the sun. Before you go, reread Washington Irving's *Alhambra*. I read it when I was 10; later I found the Moorish city of Granada just as romantic as I had imagined it would be.

IN ITALY you will want to see the obvious places. I also recommend Arezzo (for the *Borgo San Sepolcro* and its frescos by Piero della Francesca), Ravenna, Rimini, and Assisi (at right you see the square tower of its Church of St. Francis crowning a hill), Perugia, Siena, and the hill towns. If you can, go through the Dolomites via Bolzano, Cortina to Switzerland.

SLECTION is always a problem of travel whether you're packing a bag or planning a tour. I'm sure it will be for the 8,000-or-so people of Rotary who, I read, will go to Paris in May for their Convention.

If it's any consolation, my wife, Frances, and I have just grappled with the selection problem. When I was asked to pick my ten favorite places in Europe, which I've been lucky to see from end to end about ten times, we thought it would be easy . . . and at dinner started to tick them off. At midnight we concluded (a) that no man of sound mind should let himself in for a thing like this, and (b) that the best we could do would be to name ten wonderful places and explain that we could have picked ten-times-ten others:

Fabulous Stockholm, for instance, with its patterns of waterways, palaces, and docks—the Venice of the North . . . spotless Zurich on its jewel-like lake . . . Innsbruck, capital of Austria's renowned Tyrolean Alps . . .



Breit



LOWELL THOMAS, author, commentator, globe-trotter, has toured Arabia with Lawrence, India with the Prince of Wales, Tibet with his son. An honorary Rotarian in Pawling, N. Y., he shares tips with Conventioners.—EDS.

Britain's Devonshire Coast. For an obvious reason we didn't name Paris: it's everybody's all-time favorite, isn't it?

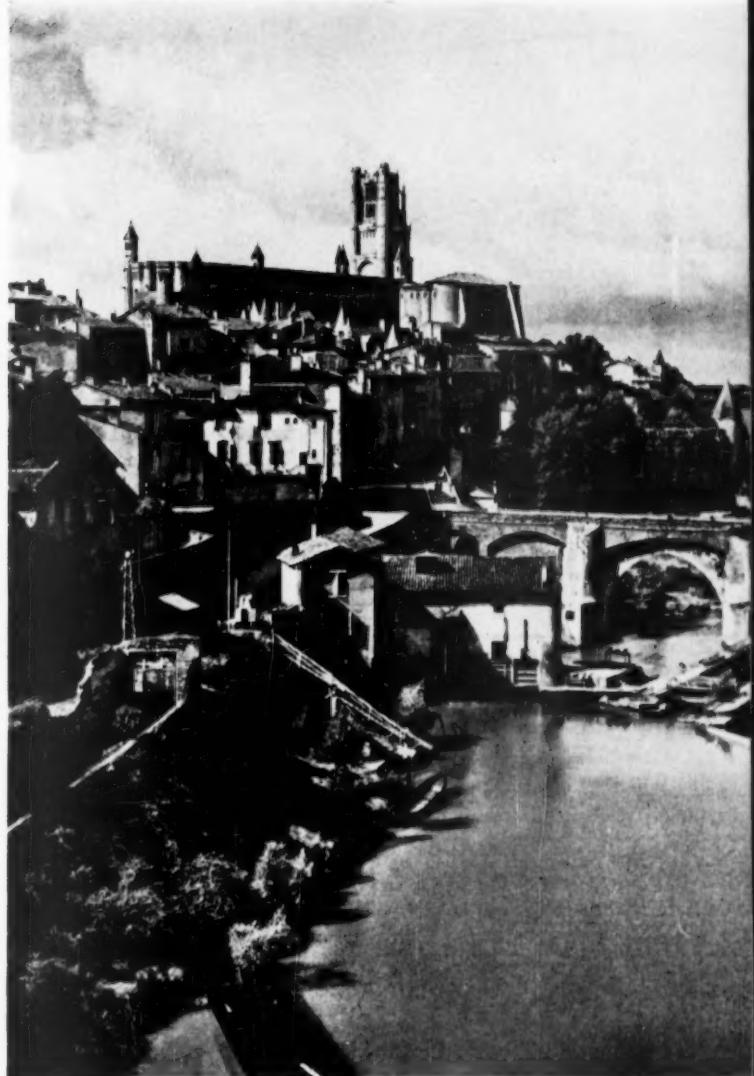
I'll commit myself to this: Wherever you travel in Europe, you will find it thrilling. Going from country to country—each one so totally different from the last—the whole history of the region comes rushing to mind. We really see a double panorama: one with the eye and one with imagination. I can't imagine being bored on a tour of that varied and so largely beautiful continent.

So here are our (qualified) choices. Help yourself if they're useful.

By *Lowell Thomas*



Reider from Black Star



IN FRANCE a trip from Perigord toward Provence takes you through Cahors and Albi, seen above. The fortified cathedral dates from the 13th Century, the bridge across the River Tarn from 1035; Albi also boasts the Toulouse-Lautrec Museum. Then go to Cordes, Millau, and Le Puy.

IN FRANCE, going from Provence south, you follow the Rhone Valley, famed for its castles, seeing Carcassonne, Cotte, Aigues Mortes, Avignon (where dwelt the Popes), Arles, Aix-en-Provence, on to Cannes—whose sun bathers you see strolling here.

THE NETHERLANDS: Visit Amsterdam, The Hague, and Haarlem—center of the bulb business where these fetching girls gather hyacinths.



PLA



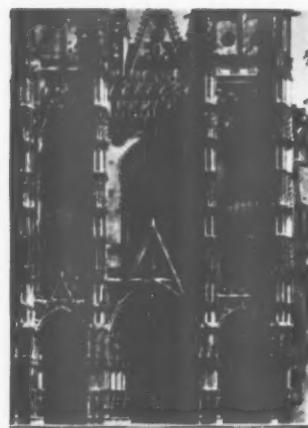
Dooty from Black Star

IN BELGIUM you'll want to visit Brussels (seen on a misty morning above); of course, you'll see the famous Grand Place. Also worth while is a trip to Bruges and Antwerp, for the best Rubens.

IN FRANCE, the region south of the Loire Valley to Perigord is completely unspoiled. Pastoral scenes like this (near Les Eyzies, an archaeological center) are set with more than a thousand chateaux. See the old town of Domme, Perigueux, and Brantome.



Hürlmann



Above, below: Hürlmann

IN FRANCE, the country around Tours offers a scenic feast. The cathedral, built between the 13th and 16th Centuries, is Gothic flamboyant. . . . Nearer Paris is Orleans, known to Caesar and Joan of Arc. Also try to see the churches at St. Benoit sur Loire, Bourges, Vezelay, Autun; return to Paris by way of Vichy.



PIX



IN GERMANY, my preference is Bavaria, whose villages are typified by Oberammergau, scene of the famous Passion Play. All around this region tower the Bavarian Alps; and near-by is Munich, the most delightful city—I think—in Germany. It has an infectiously joyous spirit.

'As the Twig Is Bent...

*We can shape a peaceful world
as we bring up our children.*

By

MARIA MONTESSORI

IN 1910, two widely circulated journals—the American *McClure's* magazine and the British *World's Work*—printed reports about a successful educational experiment of a new kind, the nursery schools.

The experiment had been started in Rome with children between 3 and 6 years old, from wretchedly poor homes, and was extended almost at once to children rescued from the ruins of the Messina earthquake of 1908. We based it on a method of education which consisted in helping the children gently, without forcing them in any way, to recover—or, more exactly, to discover for themselves—the sense of human fellowship. This was done through community life and work.

Before long the children began to develop, of their own accord, a much stronger spirit of discipline than could have been created by ordinary scholastic methods, and a social sense that sometimes made them behave like one united team. Freedom and discipline went hand in hand. In this atmosphere, the little victims of the Messina earthquake soon got back the happy, lively spirit natural to their age. Our results were more closely connected with nature than with education. We had encouraged children to be themselves.

The attention of several Dutch psychologists was arrested by what we had observed: that intellectual development reveals special features at certain periods, and that very small children often learn better and more quickly than their elders. They saw a connection between these facts and the occurrence of "sensitive periods," as demonstrated by De Vries, in the development of various animals. My own observations, recorded in a book *The Secret of Childhood*, tells about

these sensitive periods, and the rapid internal developments that precede their manifestations. (For instance, the mental development of language begins long before the actual ability to speak.) This cannot be shown by "tests" because they can only register immediate reactions.

Without the slightest doubt, tiny children are much more intelligent than people are apt to suppose. Only their intelligence differs in certain respects from ours. And this brings me to my point—which is that such children are not mentally fitted to learn from us by word of mouth, but that they are able to absorb from their surroundings even notions of an intellectual kind, which take root in a special way, not as ideas, but as characteristics that become part of their personality.

The implications of this theory are very far-reaching. It was by acting on children that totalitarian

Governments were able to build huge reserves of young fanatics, devoted to their leader and filled with warlike spirit. But what is there to prevent a nobler society, guided by ideals of peace and humanity, from building—through the encouragement of free and spontaneous development—future generations in friendship and understanding?

Apart from that possibility, the method put into practice by the nursery schools in the early years of this century can be applied to general cultural education. These are some of the useful principles of this training. Children younger than 3 years old take an interest in what their older companions are doing; and when it is something for which they have a natural inclination, they try of their own accord to imitate it. They find the explanations they get from older children, when they ask for them, easier to understand and more satisfying than anything a teacher could tell them. Older children greatly enjoy helping the little ones, and in doing so they seem to arrive at a better grasp of what they themselves have learned. Finally, this process gets the big and little children into the habit of working together, and thus helps to build a closely knitted society.

"Learn by teaching" would be a good motto for schools that follow this method.

When children are accustomed from their very earliest years to look upon all those around them as a source of help in their exploration of the world, a hostile or suspicious attitude toward members of other races, religions, or nations becomes unnatural. People brought up in this way will therefore be of the greatest help in building a peaceful society.



About the Author

The name of Maria Montessori has long had a pioneering connotation. She was the first woman in Italy to be awarded the degree of doctor of medicine. Later her medical knowledge was combined with psychiatry, psychology, and practical teaching to produce the Montessori Method, described in this article. World famous, the author produced this article in slightly longer form for distribution by the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization. It was one of her last writings before her death in May, 1952.



A crash coming up? The driver of the convertible could not see the oncoming car when he began to pass: earth at right blocked his vision.

HALF an hour after my wife and I headed east from San Francisco in our brand-new car, we barely escaped a head-on collision with a westbound sedan breaking out of a long traffic jam. This gave my wife an idea guaranteed to take the boredom out of any automobile trip. "Let's keep tab on all our near misses," she suggested brightly.

During our 3,000-mile journey we kept a notebook and pencil between us on the front seat, making a check mark and a brief notation every time we postponed a sudden meeting with our Maker. If more drivers played this little game, you would rarely find an atheist behind the steering wheel of a car. Our score for the trip was 87 near accidents, any one of which could have been fatal.

Against these odds we counted our safe homecoming something of a miracle. But the miracle doesn't always happen. The statistics aren't news to anybody: a million Americans injured and more than 30,000 killed every year in automobile accidents.

One rainy night on our trip we saw what statistics are made of: three rumpled bundles carried out of the rain to a blanket spread in the doorway of a roadside store. One of the bundles, the small one, was still alive and somebody helpless to do more had placed a muddy doll beside it.

Why this tragic waste of life?

"Carelessness" is the stock answer, but to us this had a hollow ring. Through 15 States we saw few instances of careless driving. The real hazards we met were booby traps built into the roads themselves—narrow lanes, sharp turns, sudden dips, soft narrow shoulders, poor visibility of approaching and crossroad traffic, and, above all, congestion in and around towns and cities.

Is this situation really as bad as it looked to us on that trip? After weeks of talking with highway experts and digging through their reports, I found out it was much worse. Here are the facts:

Most of the accidents that happen on America's obsolete highways are literally *built into the roads themselves*. As many as four out of five of the persons killed on these highways might be alive today if the money they yield in motor taxes had been spent to bring them up to minimum engineering standards for the volume of traffic they have to bear.

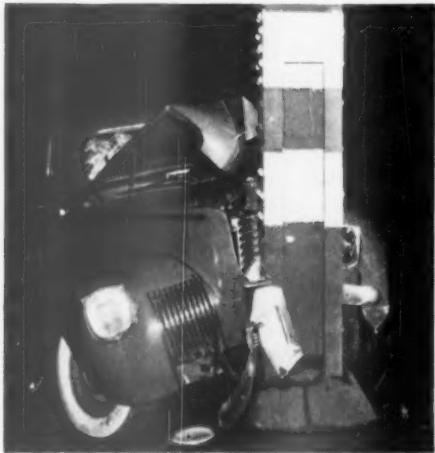
On all U. S. highways taken together we kill each other in auto accidents at the rate of 8.1 deaths for every 100 million miles driven. That's the national average. But on the sections of highway which have been brought up to date, the death rate has been cut as low as 10 percent of the national average. Thus Connecticut's modern expressways brought the death rate down to 3.2, California's Riverside Drive to 2.9, the Penta-

Let's Get Rid of Booby-Trap

gon network in Virginia to 1.5, and new highways in Ohio to less than 1. Roy E. Jorgensen, of the National Highway Users Conference, till recently chief highway engineer of Connecticut, estimates that modernization of only 250 miles of main highways in his home State would prevent 8,000 accidents, 230 deaths, and 4,750 injuries during the next five years.

The price we pay for this neglect is staggering. Besides the toll of lives, our highway-accident bill comes to over $2\frac{1}{2}$ billion dollars a year—or about as much as we're spending on our entire road and street system. Recent surveys in a score of States have shown

*Bad driving? Maybe so—but if the tree
stout pillar hadn't been right there . . . ?*



United Press Photo

**Accidents? Most, you read here,
are built right into the road.**

HIGHWAYS

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

that modernization of main routes would lop off about two-thirds, or more than 1½ billion dollars. The California Legislature's Joint Fact Finding Committee on highways, roads, and bridges has concluded that highway modernization would save taxpayers 132 million dollars a year in accident costs.

In many cases straightening of the road alone would quickly save users more than the actual cost of the new highway. Take Route 30, which zigzags across Iowa in



Photos: (p. 12 and above) National Safety Council

countless sharp turns. A check-up on the highway between Mount Vernon and Lisbon showed it carried an average daily flow of 3,125 vehicles. Call that an average for Route 30 across the State. With the operating cost of all types of vehicles—trucks, busses, and cars—averaging at something like 8 cents a mile, every unnecessary mile in Route 30 across Iowa is costing users \$250 a day, \$100,250 a year, or enough to build a mile a year of four-lane divided highway. There are thousands of such costly kinks in the national highway system today.

Snarled streets and highways add billions every year to the cost of doing business. A survey taken in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, showed that 49,000 fewer people come into the downtown business district today than on an average shopping day 20 years ago. Because of traffic strangulation, big cities all over the country are losing billions of tax revenue from the steady decline of assessments on downtown real estate. The deficit is passed on to residents in higher taxes and fewer municipal services.

This waste of time, wealth, and life is all the more fantastic because it is completely unnecessary. Despite inflation, the motor taxes we pay would finance a modern highway system—if half of it wasn't diverted to nonhighway purposes and much of the rest spent where it does the least good.

The money for actual road upkeep comes to the States in the form of registration fees and gasoline tax, now averaging about 5 cents a gallon and rising. Altogether the States collect about 2 billion dollars a year from highway users. From the Federal Government they get another 500 million dollars, a Congressional grant which has no connection with the Federal taxes on automobiles.

Part of the total 2½ billion dollars is allotted to the State highway departments for construction on State highway systems. The rest of it is divided up among no less than 36,500 city, county, and township agencies. Very few of them are competent to handle the engineering and financial com-



New Outlook for Reineta

WOULDN'T you say these are nice-looking eyes? In their darkness there's warmth, softness, and a hint of excitement. You'd naturally guess that they belong to a lovely face, wouldn't you? The truth is that until recently they were a part of one of the most tragically twisted faces anywhere.

Reineta Croes looks out of these eyes. Born 19 years ago on the island of Aruba in the Netherlands West Indies, Reineta knew none of childhood's happiness, nor a teenager's exuberance. She was born with a severe harelip and cleft palate, and as she grew up her disfigurement became more conspicuous and she more conscious of it. Finally, in total despair, she hid herself from everybody in the Aruban village of Piedra Plat. Life as lived by normal people, she decided, was not for her.

Others in the village didn't see things that way, however. One in particular was the minister of the church next door to Reineta's home. As he pondered the girl's plight, he thought of the Aruba Rotary Club and the help it had given to others. Could it help Reineta? He learned that it could—and would.

Surgery would be needed, but of a kind not to be had in Aruba. Money was another problem: the girl's family was poor. With those facts in mind, Rotarians went to work. Dr. R. C. Carrell, of the Aruba Club, thought of his friend of medical-school days, Dr. Hilger P. Jenkins, of Chicago. They exchanged letters about Reineta, and Dr. Jenkins offered to perform the necessary surgery without charge.

To send her to Chicago accompanied by an adult who would stay with her, the Club raised \$2,000.

The next step was to make arrangements for their arrival in Chicago, so Aruba wrote to "Old No. 1." The Chicago Club had just the man for the job: silvery-haired, friendly B. O. Jones, a Chicago Rotarian for 40 years and Chairman of the Club's Sunshine Committee for those four decades. "B.O." met Reineta at the airport, took her to Chicago's Woodlawn Hospital, and then arranged a place for the escort, Mrs. Elka Morris, to stay.

Dr. Jenkins performed two operations: the first to repair the harelip, the second to close the cleft palate. Dental work followed—to correct a disfiguring condition. Reineta was in the hospital for 28 days, with a week spent outside of it between operations. During her stay Rotarian Jones visited her frequently and also entertained her at his home.

Reineta's now back in Aruba—a different girl in many ways. She is different in appearance, of course. But she is also different in personality and in outlook. Once shy and afraid to meet people, she is now gay and confident among others. Perhaps Reineta best summed it all up as she left the Chicago airport for home. In Papiamento, the Aruban dialect language she speaks, she exclaimed to her companion, "Now I can begin to live!"

In the building of a new life for Reineta there are many in Aruba and Chicago who helped along the way—and are almost as happy about it as she is.

Newly confident, Reineta attends a meeting of the Aruba Rotary Club upon her return home. Speaking is C. H. G. Eman, who was President when plans got under way to help her



Photo: Aruba Esso News

plexities of modern highway management.

Let's see where your motor-tax money goes. Altogether we have some 3 million miles of road. But the bulk of the tax revenue is paid by the motorists who travel our 315,000 miles of surfaced State primary highways. This is only 10 percent of all our roads, but it carries 80 percent of all traffic. Instead of concentrating the revenue on these vital routes, the local road agencies spread much of it over the other 2,694,000 miles which carry less than 50 cars a day and can't earn their own keep.

This means that the majority of motorists—those who travel main routes—are paying far more than their share of taxes and getting back far less than their share of desperately needed improvements. Instead of remedying this discrimination, State legislatures are making it worse. Kentucky, for instance, has upped its gas tax 2 cents a gallon, but has earmarked all the increase for county and local roads.

A lot of the roads you are supporting are little more than private lanes. Others have outgrown their usefulness. In Iowa, for example, the highway department estimates that 17 percent of its roads are unnecessary. A Texas official said recently that his State has 30 percent more east-west mileage than it needs. In Colorado, Delta County took stock of its roads, decided that 36 percent of them were an unnecessary burden on the taxpayer. According to the Automotive Safety Foundation, "as much as 600,000 miles of public highway should be abandoned in the public interest."

Good country roads are vitally necessary to connect farm families with schools, shopping districts, main highways, and rail depots. If the farm economy can't afford to build and maintain them out of property taxes, they may have to be subsidized like wheat or cotton. But it doesn't make sense to cripple main highways to maintain feeder roads.

This is just what is happening. The property owner, once the biggest contributor to highway costs, has shifted most of the road-tax burden [Continued on page 52]

Answer Everything?

Well, all right—here are some of the results.

By PARKE CUMMINGS



A WHILE AGO I did some house-to-house canvassing for one of the major fund drives, and my printed instructions told me to make a full report on every house visited. "State how much is received," they said, "reasons advanced if no contribution is made, and make a note if you were unable to find anybody home. Give any other particulars which would be of help to canvassers in future years." All this I did on the blanks furnished me. As a matter of fact, sometimes there wasn't enough space on the blanks, and I had to furnish some additional paper of my own (for which I am making no charge). It may be that I was overconscientious, but I think the following gives a pretty good picture of the neighborhood assigned me:

Eliot, T. J., 87 Lincoln St. Gave \$3, writing out check, borrowing my pen to do so and failing to return same. Have called back twice to recover it, but found nobody home.

Corfman, Thomas, 89 Lincoln. Rang bell for five minutes. After the fourth minute, listened to see if I could hear the bell ringing inside. Heard no sound. Then pounded on door. Small child finally appeared at a front window and screamed when she beheld me. Kept pounding, but door not answered. Have no theories to advance, but must point out I had shaved that morning.

Murphy, C. R., 91 Lincoln. Rang front doorbell and somebody shouted at me to go around to the back. Just as I approached the kitchen a small brindle mongrel darted at me and nipped my ankle, and I uttered an exclamation which was, I believe, over-

heard by Mrs. Murphy. However, she remarked kindly, though with curious logic: "Don't be alarmed—he does that to everybody." Mrs. Murphy then gave me \$5. This is only a theory, but believe



I would not have received more than \$2 except for the dog episode. Do not intend to sue. Was wearing heavy corduroy trousers, and I ascertained that the skin wasn't broken.

Walker, G. T., 93 Lincoln. Treated royally here—finest experience in my entire canvassing. Arrived at house about 5:55 P.M. on a Saturday, politely bidden to enter, and then given some liquid refreshment and a cigar which cannot possibly retail for less than 65 cents with the current price structure. Watched TV program on best set I ever saw. Taken on tour of grounds and admired swimming pool and formal gardens. Unsurpassed hosts, the Walkers. P.S. Got no donation. They explained they are very hard up right now.

Palomy, Edgar, 95 Lincoln. Found 15 newspapers, 30 quarts of milk, 8 half pints of cream, and 47 advertising circulars on porch. Draw your own conclusions.

Stanfer, Miss Doris, 2 Fairmount Place. Blonde, blue eyes, vivacious, sort of the June Havoc type. Promised to send check the

first of the month. Will call again if check not received.

Thompkins, Bruce, 6 Fairmount. Personal friend of mine and a rabid Dodger fan. Called on a day the Dodgers had swept a double-header and received \$10. Bear this in mind next year.

Ackelmy, J. J., 8 Fairmount. Stayed here 15 minutes, and then left weeping hysterically. You'd hardly believe this—Ackelmy faced with a major operation and in danger of losing his job. Missus nervously upset, three kids down with bronchitis, and foundations of the house riddled by termites.

Not only that, but Ackelmy looks for another glacial invasion of this part of the country—beginning week after next. Felt so sorry for him that I gave him \$5, which he accepted.

Olney, Robert, 10 Fairmount. Got \$2.50 here, borrowed pen to write out receipt, kept pen. You can make things even up if you use your head.

Simmons, Elmer, 12 Fairmount. Glared at me, demanded to see my credentials, made a number of scathing remarks about the organization I represented, remarked he was fed up with these -X-!!*@-X-X-!!! fund drives, and then kicked in \$50. You sure do meet all kinds in this game.



Illustrations by Jim Hix



Well-groomed flowers brighten the formal setting of the famous palace-museum.

**This Parisian palace
stores a bounty of art treasures
and a history to match.**

A graceful guard is the famous Winged Victory.



Schall-PEX

A Day at the LOUVRE

IT'S open any day but Tuesday. You lay down your 30 francs (about a dime), leave your umbrella at the checkroom, and go in. To your left you see a dramatic stairway, and on its landing—seemingly ready to take flight—is the *Winged Victory of Samothrace*, that headless Nike two centuries older than Christianity. You are in the Louvre: palace, museum, and 40-acre treasure chest.

To lovers of art, this great building is the most important one in Paris. And on anyone's tour of this the city of Rotary's 1953 Convention, the Louvre ranks as a must. For generations it has been that way for Parisian visitors.

No one is sure where that name "Louvre" came from. It might have referred to the blockhouse that Philip Augustus built on the site about 1204. Charles V changed it from fortress to mansion. Francis I rebuilt and extended it; he also started its art collection and hired ageing Leonardo da Vinci to help him. And so the Louvre continued to grow in size and age. Here the scheming Catherine of Medici persuaded Charles IX to order the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. In one of these halls three conspirators were hanged during the Wars of the League. The stylish Louis XIV completed building the quadrangle, then lost interest in his palace and let it, like his kingdom, fall into decay. Louis XV repaired the Louvre but not France. With the French Revolution, the palace was seized and became the Museum of the Republic. And to fill it, Napoleon plundered all Europe.

Today, rare is the art not lavishly represented. Old masters and their pupils are arranged by school with columns of gray granite separating the groups. Sculpture—Greek, Phoenician, Chinese—has its salons. The arts of jewelers and goldsmiths are represented with the ancient Sword of Charlemagne, the dazzling crowns of St. Louis and Napoleon, and gems enough to ransom empires. More precious yet are the canvasses, whose beauties endure through centuries, and render them, like the fabled Louvre itself, beyond the measure of price. For a small sampling of these pieces, see the following pages.



All photos except as otherwise noted: Camera Club

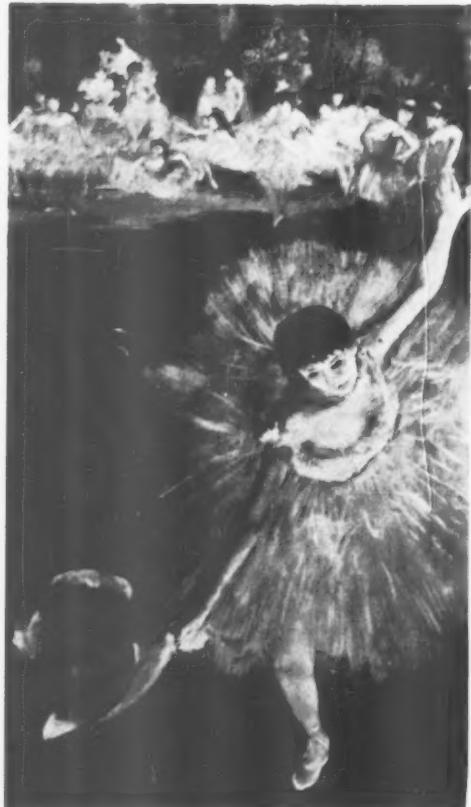
What thinks the Mona Liza? This riddle has interested art lovers through the centuries. A portrait of Francesco del Giocondo's third wife, it was worked on by Leonardo da Vinci intermittently for four years after 1500, and ranks with The Last Supper as his most famous work. In 1911 a thief, disguised as a workman, entered the Louvre and made off with this masterpiece. For two years it was lost to the world, then turned up in Florence, Italy. Today the Mona Lisa always attracts a crowd of people, who admire her and wonder at her smile.

A Day at the LOUVRE (continued)



Auguste Renoir's Young Girls at the Piano, like other works by the artist, appeals to the senses in a lyrical way. Renoir was a tailor's son who made Paris art history during the last century.

Vincent Van Gogh, a native of The Netherlands, did most of his painting in France. During his lifetime he earned only \$84 from his art; today his works—among them Restaurant de la Sirene, shown below—are valued by the brokers at 30 million dollars. . . . (Right) Fin d'Arabesque, by Edgar Degas, is typical of this impressionist's dance paintings. He began his career as the painter of ballet with first dance study in 1868.



Jane Avril Dansant shows Paris life known to Toulouse-Lautrec, the brilliant dwarf whose impressionistic paintings dealt with the gay cafes.





The Flute, by Edouard Manet, hangs not far from spots in the Louvre where the artist himself used to paint copies of old masters. Manet was a pioneer and leader of the impressionist group.



Whiling away the time are *The Card Players* of Paul Cézanne, the fiery young impressionist who wrote new rules for art. He painted many variations of card-game subjects as well as still-life studies and famous sunny landscapes.

The Flemish master Peter Paul Rubens is the painter of this famous canvas, *The Adoration of the Magi*. This Christmas theme was a favorite of Rubens around the turn of the 17th Century; he painted many *Magis*—all composed voluptuously—after the municipality of Antwerp commissioned him to paint the first.



Experts still argue about Venus de Milo on the question of her age, between 21 and 24 centuries. But they all agree on her beauty.





SCHOOL FOR SURVIVAL

Eskimos turn professors, and the Canadian North turns into a 'lab.'

It's a matter of life or death.

HONEY," the United States Air Force officer remarked, as he sliced into a thick, tender beef-steak, "how about cooking up a nice stew of boiled mice and lousewort sometime?"

When it comes to victuals, Friend Wife is never quite sure whether her husband is kidding or not since he spent a few weeks at the Royal Canadian Air Force's School of Survival. In this case we suspect he really prefers the steak, but he stoutly maintains that the mice-and-lousewort stew is mighty good too, especially when you're really hungry. The repulsively named lousewort, if you're interested, is one of the most tasty food plants found in the far north. You eat the root. And Arctic mice have a sweetish, rather pleasant flavor—the man says!

Such knowledge as that may someday save the airman's life. The School of Survival is designed

By W. J. BANKS

for men whose duties carry their aircraft over unpeopled bushland and Arctic tundra. A number of U. S. Air Force officers and enlisted personnel have taken the course, and carried back the benefit of the experience to their northern air bases, as Uncle Sam and Jack Canuck continue to co-operate closely in plans for defense of the continent's northern "back door."

Air crews patrolling those vast hinterlands may at any moment, following a crash or forced landing, find it necessary to maintain themselves in the open for long periods, at temperatures of 50 degrees below zero or more, hundreds of miles from settlement. The Survival School shows them how. It's a tough course, for survival techniques can't be mastered in a classroom. So the school duplicates the conditions, in the Arctic and the northern bush itself, which a stranded crew would have to face.

The Survival School course begins the easy way as a class of some 15 to 20 spends three days with textbooks and lecturers in a comfortable Edmonton, Alberta, classroom. Then a hop by transport plane to Fort Nelson on the

Alaska Highway and a trek of several miles into the virgin bush of northern British Columbia bring the class to grips with grim reality.

There is no roof but the bush shelter which the men erect themselves from materials found in the woods, plus parachutes. Each student has suitable bush clothing with sleeping bag, and emergency kit containing iron rations and items normally carried in aircraft flying these latitudes. The emergency rations will keep a man alive for the week or ten days. "But they leave an awfully empty feeling in the middle," as one student puts it.

So everybody takes more than an academic interest in snaring rabbits and hunting other game, both large and small, as well as searching out the various mosses, lichens, and other edible plants described in the "cook book" section of the manual. Even mice, snakes, bats, and small birds weighing an ounce or two apiece may help to save a stranded air crew. The group has a limited number of firearms, to be used collectively.

When the bushcraft course is completed, the class moves again, by air, to the Arctic outpost of Cambridge Bay, on Victoria Island, and walks five miles across the great snow plains to Fresh Water Lake Survival Camp.

First job is to learn how to build the igloos in which the class lives for this Arctic phase of the



An RCAF officer shows students a nylan suit, worn in the Arctic training.

course. They hunt and fish Eskimo fashion, learning how to catch and prepare everything edible in that desolate land, from polar bears and Arctic whales to tiny lemmings, and the mussels and sea plants of frigid "beaches."

"First 'cook book' I ever saw that told you how to keep from becoming a meal yourself," quipped one student from south of the border, as he noted, in the



How to build a shelter on a frozen fresh-water lake—with a dark-clad Eskimo as the instructor.

same manual which tells how to prepare a cut of polar bear, a section on how to deal with the bear while still in full possession of his faculties.

By now, much that seemed far-fetched when read in textbooks or heard in lectures has been proved sound in practice. Students are skeptical, for instance, when told that pajamas and sleeping bags don't go together—at least in the Arctic. They find, however, that north of the Circle you really sleep warmest "raw," just as the instructor said. It's quite a job sometimes to persuade the greenhorn to prove it by crawling naked into a frozen sleeping bag at 50 below.

The short course can't work miracles, but the RCAF does expect the special training to accomplish two main objects. First, it helps to rid personnel unused to ground operations in the north of a fear of the Arctic which has hampered exploration of that region for hundreds of years. This fear must be overcome before

survival techniques can be learned, just as the swimming student must conquer his fear of the water. Second, those taking the course are expected to learn enough about looking after themselves in the north to take full advantage of the country's admittedly rather slender resources.

"It's a matter of using commonsense plus various techniques. Our boys have the commonsense. It's the job of the Survival School to teach them the techniques," remarks Flight Lieutenant S. E. Alexander, RCAF survival specialist, who spent several years in the Arctic as a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Along with the on-the-spot head of the school, Flying Officer R. J. Goodey—also a former "Mountie" who speaks several Eskimo dialects—Alexander authored the manual which forms the basis of the course.

In addition to its unique "cook book" section and other techniques already mentioned, the book deals with such subjects as



An RCAF student (above) learns how to wriggle from an igloo. . . (Right) Others learn the fine points of skinning a rabbit without using a knife.

northern geography, emergency navigation for ground parties, insect control, dealing with natives, and care of clothing and firearms under Arctic conditions. Its authors point out that such knowledge as this book contains could have saved the lives of the Sir John Franklin party and hundreds of others who have perished in the far north, largely because

of ignorance of the resources at hand.

Stefansson and other modern explorers have shown that the far north *can* be friendly, if you meet its problems as the natives have been doing successfully for untold centuries.

"It's like learning to box," Flight Lieutenant Alexander remarks. "One thing you learn is to roll with your opponent's punches, instead of taking them on the chin. The north country isn't any bed of roses for a party travelling overland, under emergency conditions, even if it is experienced. A party living off the country must adapt itself to local conditions, and know how to get full value from everything available especially in the way of food.

"Try to bulldoze your way through and you'll find yourself in a jam. You have to know how to make the north work for you, and all the courage in the world won't help unless you do."

Much has been learned through the activities of the school concerning both techniques and equipment, and all information is available to friendly Governments or civilian fliers. Those who have experienced the rigors of the course appreciate its value and go through their work with a greater sense of security and a friendlier feeling toward the north. Survival training may be compared to a parachute. Every flier hopes he'll never have to use it. But it's a handy thing to have—just in case.



Photos: Dept. of National Defense

You Wouldn't

DON'T SCUTTLE



... program Bob Hope and schedule him to come after a prophet of doom.



... ask a man to concentrate on vital information and give him a "hotfoot."



... invite important prospects—and neglect to unlock the door to the office.



... have artists sing grand opera in a lumberyard—as a certain man did.

THE fastest way to give a banker ulcers, heartburn, and a feeling of deep sadness is to show him dollars going down a drain.

Pity me, then. I am a banker and yet I have seen thousands upon thousands of dollars being wasted. Not only have I seen this, but as a professional speaker I have participated in the wasting. So have you—about 85 percent of the times you have attended a convention, business conference, or banquet.

Meetings are Big Money. Figure it up. Suppose 175 men attend your meeting. All are important men, substantial-income men, or they wouldn't be there. Every time an hour rolls by they have invested 175 man-hours in your meeting. That is more than a week. If your meeting day runs for eight hours, they have invested 1,400 man-hours. Convert those hours to the dollars represented and you come up with a fair imitation of the national budget.

I do not pretend to know all the

answers to how to make a meeting a better meeting. But after 24 years of speaking—after being a name on almost 6,000 programs—I have accumulated a few principles which I have not seen expressed elsewhere.

The password to success, of course, is "Planning." But the same password admits three saboteurs who lead straight to "Over-planning"—the secret weapon which kills most meetings. Saboteur One urges us to schedule too much material. Saboteur Two begs us to schedule the wrong kinds of material. And Saboteur Three insists that we present it in the wrong manner or under the wrong conditions.

For instance: Would you hire Mary Martin to sing songs from *South Pacific*—and then make her follow a two-hour showing of old movies?

Would you program Bob Hope to crack jokes—and then schedule him to follow a prophet of doom whose theme was "All Is Lost"?

You won't if you want it to

By **TOM**
Lecturer

Would you ask a man to concentrate on important information—and then give him a "hotfoot"?

Would you invite important prospects to a conference—and then neglect to unlock the office door?

Would you plan a banquet featuring sirloin steaks—and then invite only strict vegetarians?

Of course not! But . . .

I saw a man give a party once for the opening of his new lumberyard. He built a stage and installed lights in the lumber sheds. He engaged entertainers who were tremendous successes at a District Rotary Conference in Chicago. He brought in a speaker on a serious topic who had pleased him at Rotary.

Results? Miserable! His customers weren't the same as the Rotary crowd. They came with their kids and stood in the lumberyard while the entertainers sang opera in Italian from a stage that rested on oil barrels. While the speaker tried to save the world, kids ran and fought and sailed little airplanes. The crowd had a terrible time and the performers wished they had gone into the bricklaying business. Entertainment which was tops for hand-picked Rotary in one of Chicago's leading hotels just plain flopped from a board platform in a lumberyard. The poor host spent \$1,000 trying to do a very fine thing. But he served "steaks" to "vegetarians"—and his effort was a failure.

Unusual, you say? I've seen its counterpart hundreds of times. I saw a banker give a party for his good customers—mostly farmers. He used the local armory and had a wonderful meal—best beef I ever lifted a fang over. But his party was flat. Why?

YOUR MEETING

But How about This? . . .

pay dividends in goodwill.

COLLINS

and Author

When the farmers came in, the host waved a greeting and then let them alone. The men all lined up along one wall and stood there cracking their knuckles. The women stood across the room, looking at the floor, wishing they had never left home. After they'd stood in boresome and embarrassed silence for an hour, someone told them to sit down and eat—which they did in gloomy bitterness. The host then thanked them for coming and they went home after a sorry evening in which all they got was a free meal.

What was wrong? Wouldn't you say that he had invited his prospects to the conference—but neglected to "unlock the door"? No one was there to greet them, put a name card on them, make them acquainted with each other. No one broke any ice. No one did anything at mealtime but chew and look at his plate. There was no dinner music, no entertainment, no favors, no warmth, no imagination—so there was no fun, no friends, no banking sold. Just a wasted evening—and a wasted \$500 for food.

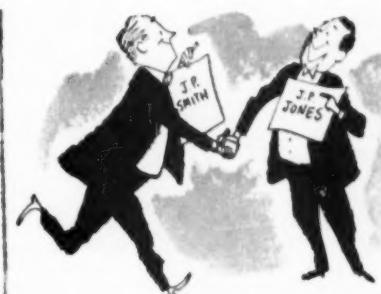
Yet these fiascos almost never need to happen. But preventing them begins when the meeting, or party, is first taking form as preliminary notes on a sheet of paper in your study.

Write down "Purpose" . . . "Length" . . . "Materials" . . . "Place." After "Purpose," write down, in five or ten words, *exactly* what the purpose is. Do you want to distribute information? Pep up salesmen? Announce new policies? Whatever it is, make it concrete. Then make everything else build toward the support of that one goal.

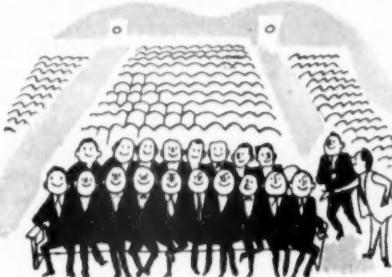
Length of the meeting is some-



You decide first the purpose of the meeting. Then build toward that goal!



You want the audience to get acquainted. Name badges for everyone helps.



Gently steer everybody to the front. It makes for intimate congeniality.



Do give the speaker a time limit. Arrange with him beforehand for a signal.

Illustrations by John Faulkner

thing you choose. Whatever it is—an hour, a day, a week—write it down. Then get tough with Saboteur One. *Don't* fill all those big empty hours with speaker after speaker. Remember that you want only quality. Three good topics discussed by three good speakers are infinitely more valuable than a program with six poor performers. A good speech of 30 minutes does more for your purpose than two mediocre ones of an hour each. And, alas, one good speaker can be "killed" by being on the program with four poor ones.

People now prefer shorter meetings and shorter speeches. Twenty years ago most banquets were followed by at least three speakers. Today the tendency is to have only one speaker and limit him to 30 minutes. Rarely will any speaker be listened to with interest for a full hour.

So, as you select your speakers, plan a schedule that you can and *will* keep. Start and stop your

program on time. When a speaker, scheduled at 11 A.M., gets on his feet at 1:15 P.M., he faces a bored, resentful audience. When banquet guests stand in the hall for half an hour, waiting for the doors to open, they aren't friends any longer.

I know of one chamber of commerce that *doubled its attendance* at weekly meetings by adhering to a starting and closing time. You can double the enthusiasm at your meeting by doing the same.

Three speakers in a morning session and three at an afternoon session are a good limit. They and your audience will both do better if the speaking program is broken up by music, discussions, or visual presentations. Be sure that each speaker understands his time limit. Arrange a signal to make sure he remembers. And by all means, plan ample opportunity for the audience to rest, stretch, and go to the restrooms. The mind is governed by the condition of the body. Proper room tem-

Human Nature Put to Work



Driving through sparsely settled mountain country one day, I passed a farmer standing beside a dilapidated truck. Pulling to the side of the road, I offered him a lift and asked, "Having engine trouble?" "Nope," was his reply as he climbed in. "Most cars whizz right by here, so I got Decoy. Paid five bucks for her. She has no wheels on the ditch side, her tires are full of sand, and she hasn't any engine. But she's no trouble, and always gets me to town!"

—C. C. Gavin, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Clues



Some time ago I was overstocked on refrigerators in my appliance shop—and thus advertised a \$100 reduction on each "box." Results were disappointing. Then I tried a new tack. Buying radio time, I asked the public to identify titles of familiar musical selections. The winners would receive a certificate worth \$100 on a refrigerator. The contest worked wonders. Typical comment: "I don't need a refrigerator right now, but I don't want to lose \$100."

—Claire Barton, Fond du Lac, Wis.



Two London "barrow boys," trying to sell their fruit, were winning very little business—until they began to trade upon the popular desire for a bargain. One barrow raised its prices a few pence above the day's prices, and the other kept them low. Both barrows contained exactly the same goods and stood on the same street just a little way apart. The cheap barrow sold rapidly—and restocked in a side street from the contents of the other. This way they managed to sell nearly everything they had in a morning.

—A. N. Tillett, New York, N. Y.

Let's have your story. If it's used in this department, a \$10 check will be sent you (\$5 if it's from another publication).—Eds.

perature is more important than a good toastmaster. It's far better to have the room a mite chilly than too warm. And remember that after eating, temperatures of the eaters go up by several degrees, so it is imperative to cool off a room after a meal.

Giving a man a "hotfoot" while you ask him to concentrate is not more unreasonable than expecting alert attention from an audience which is seat-sore, ear-wearied, and drowsy.

Next to temperature, good seating arrangements are vital to any meeting's success. It is a basic rule for speakers that a good response comes in direct proportion to how close the people in the audience sit to one another and to the speaker. The larger the audience, the better the response, but it is better to have 75 people seated close together in a small room than to have 300 people lost in a large hall. If the room is too large, use only one end. If you must use a stage, bring all people as close to the speaker as possible. They must rub elbows to produce the mass response that you want from your meeting. If the room is to be used for dancing, never arrange the audience around the walls, leaving the center empty. It is much better to rearrange the dancing floor later.

If your speaker is to be your headliner, then make him so. It's a safe rule that no speaker can do any good for your party when he is on the floor more than two hours after the start of the banquet. He cannot be at his best with more than two hours of *any* program before him.

If you want to give the outgoing president a gift—and can do it in three minutes—fine. But if it takes 15 minutes to present, then Old Joe gives a 20-minute acceptance with time out for tears, you've shot your speaker through the heart. And if the local children who recite and tap dance, and the toastmaster and master of ceremonies are worth an hour of the best time of the evening, make them your principal entertainment and save your speaker.

It wouldn't make sense to hire Mary Martin and then precede her with two hours of ancient movies—and it doesn't make

sense to bring a speaker 1,000 miles and then allot more time for group singing, announcements of bowling scores, cutting off neckties, and collecting 10-cent fines than is allotted to a talk on which he may have worked for weeks.

If you want a floor show, make it come after your speaker. No speaker alive can properly follow a fan dance, troupe of trained seals, magician, banjo player, and "emcee" who makes with the gags.

In your planning, I urge you to remember that a business meeting or convention is not a debate. If you have a lead speaker who talks for half an hour on the proposition that the world is headed for economic ruin, and then follow him with a light fellow whose theme is that all's well with the world, you have ruined both talks and cancelled whatever good either might have done. See that all talks build toward the *purpose* you originally selected. In other words, don't pair Bob Hope with a prophet of doom and expect anything but failure from both.

Now here's a tricky little question. What do you do with a guest speaker when he isn't speaking? What does he do when he arrives from out of town? Professionals rarely expect to be met or entertained, but nonprofessional guests are another matter. Get your speaker a place where he can rest in privacy. For most performers that means the hotel—any hotel—in preference to any private home. In the hotel it's his. He can snore, take off his shoes, sit in his shirt sleeves. In your home he feels that he must entertain you. The nice way is to ask him his choice—your home or the hotel? Chances are he will choose the hotel.

They say that when three fellows get together in America—and I think they say it in Britain, too—one will grab a gavel and call the meeting to order. We're a meeting-loving people—and that's all to the good. As a banker who loves meetings of every kind, I hope these suggestions will help your meetings to return increased profits in vital goodwill, increased efficiency, and the intangible riches of warm fellowship.



Edward T. Hall stands outside his school; his pupils' ages go up to 82

ONE hot, sticky night 20 years ago, Edward T. Hall, vice-president of a famous cereal-manufacturing company, dragged himself wearily home. He was almost at the breaking point because of the ever-mounting pressure of the position he had spent 26 years in building. Within a month a friend had dropped dead of a heart attack due to overwork and another had cracked up and now lay a pitiful, jibbering wreck. He himself felt on a treadmill—only natural for a man who had worked his way to the top brackets of his company and of several important national associations. Life was challenging and happy only in the few moments he could snatch for fashioning furniture and modelling clay figures. Since childhood, handicraft had furnished the balance wheel to give purpose to life.

"Doctors use occupational therapy to cure the sick," he thought. "Why not as a preventive measure?"

Certainly, he felt, most men would be saner and happier if they devoted their leisure time to creative bents. Instead of devoting the rest of his life to selling cereals, Hall decided to spend it helping people develop their creative birthrights.

The next day he resigned his

He Builds NEW LIVES

This Rotarian drowned his worries in mud—and now teaches others how to do it.

job. With his savings he launched a small school in Back Bay, Boston, where he taught skill-hungry men and women the basic crafts; and he gave courses on leisure-time activities at the University of Boston.

Both in Massachusetts and New York he became a trouble shooter for settlement houses. Then 17 years ago he finally realized his dream of starting a school where men, women, and children of all races and creeds could develop in whatever craft appealed to them most. He started the not-for-profit Universal School of Handicrafts in New York City. Here the accent is not on making perfect objects, but on making people healthier and happier. Students come and go as they please—there have been over 10,000 of them. They try their hands at celluloid etching, finger painting, jewelry designing, or any of the 45 crafts taught, till they find the niche where they feel happiest. One works for sheer pleasure; there are no examinations nor marks.

Hall's school, now licensed by the State of New York, opened atop an office building with just two students. Today it occupies five stories and has 200 students, ranging in age from 6 to 82; they come from 92 countries. Missionaries trained at Universal have started craft programs throughout China, Korea, and Thailand; the Government of The Netherlands enrolled teachers to learn the school's techniques and then apply them in Dutch recreation centers. A nun from Quebec spent several months learning various crafts to teach her blind charges.

Hall, since 1941 a member of the Rotary Club of New York, New York, works with leading psychiatrists, about 2 percent of his students being their patients.

By MARY JACOBS



Photos: Blasingame

Rotarian Hall keeps his skilled hands busy—here, with a potter's wheel.

Upon these frustrated men and women he imposes one condition: they must never mention their troubles, so that no one knows they are there for any reason other than to have fun or to acquire a new occupation. The great majority of the handicrafters are men and women who flock to his school for recreation or help in making a living.

Recently a bored lawyer, who admitted that he was tired of cards, movies, night clubs, even of living, enrolled. When tall, blue-eyed, friendly Edward Hall asked what craft he had enjoyed dabbling in as a child, he said he couldn't remember ever having liked any. "So I suggested he wander through the studios and see what the others were doing," Director Hall said. The lawyer merely glanced at the silk screening and basket weaving, but in the clay-modelling studio, where a whistling novice was fashioning a head, he stopped and lingered, fascinated. "That was it," Edward Hall said emphatically. "He showed [Continued on page 58]

TWENTY YEARS OF

IF THERE'S a little salt mixed with the pepper in your hair, you'll remember that just 20 years ago business was groggy with punches from Ol' Man Depression. Established firms were dropping like dead flies in October. Misguided family-loving men were, on the last day of grace for paying insurance premiums, jumping from skyscraper windows. And though a lot of us were putting on a brave front before the well-known wolf, we felt lower than a snake's belly in a wheel track.

That was 1932. That year a businessman from New Mexico was called upon to lead Rotary International. You know the name, for Clinton P. Anderson has since risen to headline heights as United States Senator and Secretary of Agriculture. But in 1932 he was a worried young man for he keenly realized that the way Rotary was pointed in that crit-

ical year would be the way Rotary would go: up or down.

He shared his convictions with fellow Rotarians in an article in THE ROTARIAN for December, 1932, heading it: *Is This Rotary's Hour to Speak?* I'll never forget the way it opened, but because you may not have a copy I'll quote:

In one of his poems, James Russell Lowell paints a picture that is very dear to those of us who have lived in pastoral countries. He describes a flock of sheep moving silently down a dust-filled mountain road, clattering suddenly across a wooden bridge, and then finding their feet again on the soft silent highway.

Life, he concludes, is like that: a little noise between two silences.

Can Rotary be fitted to the same figure? Surely it was born with no fanfare of trumpets. Today, with its world-wide membership, it is a voice in the affairs of nations. Tomorrow a changed economic world might find it silent.

Pretty grim, wasn't it? But Clint was not really discouraged. He was facing up to a situation. Then he went on to chart a courageous program of action—a program which pointed the way for

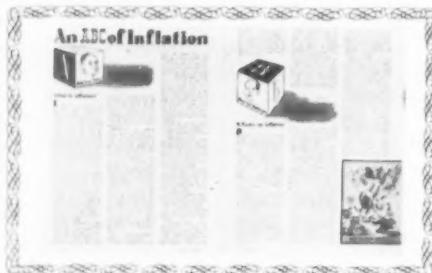
Five historic debates-of-the-month: (left) *Is Communism Inevitable?*, December, 1934; *Freedom of Speech: Should It Be Curbed?*, June, 1939; *An ABC of Inflation*, November, 1941; *You Are the Lawyer: What Would You Do?*, December, 1948; and *Free Enterprise: Are Its Best Friends Killing It?*, February, 1950.

expansion from 151,000 Rotarians in 1932 to 360,000 in 1952. You know that story of Rotary's dynamics because you see it in action every week in your Club. What you probably have not before known is how a by-product of Clint's thinking became the debates-of-the-month in THE ROTARIAN.

Its springboard was a frank discussion by Rotary's Board of Directors, one day in 1932, of how Rotary could help harassed business and professional men and thereby justify its own existence.

"We want to do something concrete and constructive," Clint told them, as I've got the story from one who was there. "But some things we cannot do. Let me illustrate. One day in my mail were two letters from sincere, ardent, and intelligent Rotarians. One man told how important agriculture is to America, adding that unless the farmer prospers we all suffer. Now being considered in Washington, he went on, is a bill to save him—the Agricultural Allotment Act. Here's our great chance as Rotarians. Get in there and help put it over!

"The other Rotarian was just as eloquent on the vital importance of agriculture. But in Washington, he said, there's a nefarious proposal that will sink the farm-



DEBATES-OF-THE-MONTH

*Two decades of arguing—
the story of a Magazine feature.*

By ARTHUR M. LOCKHART

*Rotarian, Long Beach, Calif.;
Member, Magazine Committee
Rotary International, 1932-35*

er. It's the Agricultural Adjustment Act. Here's the opportunity for Rotary to act. Let's use our influence and kill the bill!

"Both men," Clint reminded the Directors, "are ardent Rotarians, but they have diametrically opposed views. Maybe Rotary made a mistake in opening membership to men of varied opinions—though I don't think so—but that's the way Rotary is. So, what can we do?"

Listening intently from the sidelines was a bespectacled young man named Leland D. Case, who had joined THE ROTARIAN staff two years before and was to serve as Editor until 1950. Leland had done his stint as a newspaperman, having been on the staff of the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and, like all newspapermen, thought of stone-walls . . . something to get over or around. Though Rotary was stymied on boosting or bucking a bill before Congress, he thought he saw a way to turn Rotary's diversity into a positive advantage.

"Why not open our pages to controversial issues?" he proposed to the Magazine Committee. "Pick one recognized spokesman for each side, then let them shoot the works—insisting only that they not impugn the sanity or the honesty of those who disagree. We

could print readers' comments in later issues. Aside from that the Magazine would do nothing to relieve the mental itch started by the debates. Readers would have to think their way to peace of mind. If their opinions remained unchanged, fine! At least they would know better why they think as they do."

That sounds reasonable now, even obvious. But in 1932 there were Thomases, even Jeremiahs. One prominent Rotarian thought the organization would be split wide open. "There's no room in Rotary for controversy," he warned.

About that time and probably by coincidence, though I'm not sure, William Lyon ("Billy") Phelps, beloved as a Rotarian and as a Yale professor, had an article in THE ROTARIAN titled *I May Not Agree, but—*. It was a down-to-gravel plea for the right of the other fellow to his say-so.

"The mind of a mature man or woman," Billy started off, "should be like a first-class hotel: open all the year round to every guest except criminals."

Maybe "Billy" helped. Anyway, the debate plan was given a trial run in March, 1933. Roy Ronald, of Mitchell, South Dakota, argued for the farm-allotment proposal; Phil S. Hanna, Chicago economist,

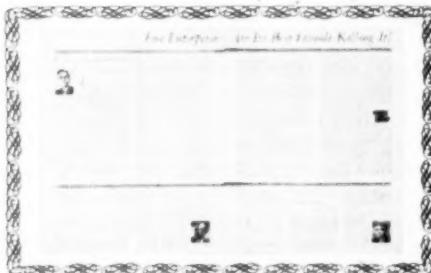
tried to cudgel it down. And they talked strong words. Did the heavens fall? Not at all. Only a very few readers bothered to write. They liked the give and take, said it clarified their thinking. They wanted more.

And they got more. In April two top economists argued on *Is Inflation the Way Out?*—a torrid topic in those days as in this. Next target was progressive education, with barb-penned H. L. Mencken and John Dewey discussing *Shall We Abolish School 'Frills'?* The hot spotlight then shifted to the sales tax and to socialized medicine. Next the railroads' plight was discussed in *Is Motor Competition Unfair?*

These debates ticked. Not one reader threatened insurrection, so our Editors decided to be brash. In a magazine that six months before had eschewed controversy, they carried a *pro* and *con* exchange on the hottest of all questions boiling in Washington: *Should the United States Recognize Russia?*

Thomas A. Morgan, president of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, backed up his "Yes!" with economic arguments. Bainbridge Colby thundered "No!"—and his article has historical significance to this day, for it was he as Secretary of [Continued on page 50]

*For Enterprise—Ask for *Rotary Kicks It!**





1

'Technique for Accommodation'

By Sir Josiah Stamp

T

HE flame of technocracy, recently so bright, has now died down into a dull afterglow. And while we may now be cured of any notion that government by technocrats is a remedy for our ills, we still have uneasy questions about the boasted advance of knowledge and particularly its scientific applications in engineering and invention, so that we are suspicious that there must be some key to the social machine which we have not mastered.

Are we going to go on assuming that however extensive and disintegrating may be an invention which science introduces into our midst, the social organism will somehow adapt itself comfortably to the new situation, the political government will be equal to all the new alignment of forces that science produces and, generally, that we can secure all its advantages and overcome the difficulties that accompany it? Must we not "invent" a technique for accommodating ourselves to constant change, and is this technique a scientific one for the physical scientists themselves to invent, or does it involve a new art of government?

The problem created by invention of machinery in disturbing existing business and the skill of a large number of people is, of course, not a new one, but it is now suggested that there are three new factors.

First, the changes have come so thick and fast, compared with

the old days, that society's power of adjustment has been tested beyond endurance, and society, therefore, runs a risk of breaking down.

The second point is that we have today a strong humanitarian instinct, and that we can no longer be content to see a new invention give advantages to the whole population, enrich a few enterprising pioneers, but beggar and impoverish, through no fault of their own, a whole section of worthy people, who have invested their capital or their lifelong skill in existing ways that are now outclassed and displaced. We feel that it is unjust, and the winners should pay something to look after the losers in the lottery.

The third factor is that modern science and the growth of knowledge can only be brought to practical service by embodiment in large fixed capital assets which are enormously costly, and which, with a precarious life, subject to some fresh whim of public fancy, or under the pressure of new scientific innovation, may be wholly wasted.

Is it wise, for example, to allow the whole existing capital and skill built up for the benefit of the community in a great system of railroads, to be put under sudden and final jeopardy by the introduction of the internal-combustion engine, without check or control?

Now none of us ought to think such disturbances wholly evil, and we should regard them as an inevitable feature of progress, but is there not an optimum speed at which they can be absorbed?

In general, two physical limits have been set up by Nature, which bear closely upon this problem: one is the normal wearing life of a machine in a physical sense, and the other the normal working life of a human being.

After a preliminary education, we spend a great deal of time and money to make a man skilled for a particular occupation. If he is not able to put that skill to use for a reasonable length of time, but has to go through another initial process of education, there is great wastage and personal hardship. If he can complete his working life effectively in that



Birth Control

An early example of the debates-of-the-month, which have run through 238 consecutive issues of this monthly magazine (see page 26), was this one titled *Do We Need Birth Control for New Ideas?* It appeared in April, 1934. That, as mature readers will remember, was a period when a world still deep in economic depression was beginning to gain perspective on an engaging theory called technocracy, whose exponents promised to solve the world's woes by applying mechanical techniques man had turned up—by building autos that would last forever, by clothing everyone



TWENTY YEARS OF
St

A Reprint from 'The

occupation, so much the better, and if the social necessity for the skill displayed in that occupation ultimately disappears through invention, the desirability of the son not following his father's footsteps in a dwindling occupation is obvious.

By analogy, if capital is invested in a machine which will not wear out for 15 years, then, when it comes to be renewed, we can incorporate into its successor all the latest improvements, and the machine will have become obsolete in just about the same length of time as it is getting worn out. If, however, it is out-of-date in five years, then ten years of its good potential physical life is wasted, and a good deal of capital is unused. If the new machine affords really enormous benefits compared with the old, this should be worth while, but if the advantages conferred by the new machine are only marginal and slight [Continued on page 57]

for New Ideas?

in rami fiber that would never wear out, etc. The question began to arise, however, whether we needed to catch up with ideas already at hand or whether we needed still more ideas. Hence the scheduling of this debate at that time—when, incidentally, some men named Hitler and Mussolini were tooling up an idea of their own they called the Axis. Sir

Josiah Stamp died in a bomb blast in 1941. "Boss" Kettering works on in Dayton, Ohio—but we re-present their views here less for their historical value than for the peculiar timelessness many readers are going to find them.



DEBATES-OF-THE-MONTH

Rotarian, April, 1934

THAT first mathematician who gave to mankind the knowledge that two and two equal four was revealing a fundamental truth. If others distort that truth, that is not his fault. The scientist, digging out the truth of the natural laws so that they can be used by mankind, cannot be blamed if they are abused any more than the miner who digs out gold can be blamed because that mineral is later misspent in business in the form of money.

Much of the confusion in the public mind over the problem we are discussing is due to terminology. When the average citizen hears of a research engineer, he immediately thinks of a man who is devoting his life to that awful thing, standardization. However, to the research engineer that word means one thing and to the average citizen, and some social philosophers, it means something wholly different.

Standardization of procedure, in the machinery of production, such as a general agreement on the exact thread on all nuts and bolts, is one form on which all of us are agreed. That is for the public convenience as well as for the manufacturer.

Standardization of the finished product, however, is what the research engineer wages constant war against. He knows that as soon as the goods offered the consuming public become standardized, stagnation sets in. And when that happens there is no other outlet for the supply of manufactured goods but cut-throat competition. Price advantage is offered as against the improved product. This is inevitable.

It is the research engineer's task to keep the Machine Age alive by bringing about change. He is the one true social evolutionist.

Again there is confusion over the word research. What does it mean? *Research is simply trying to find out what we are going to do when we can't keep on doing what we are now doing.*

Just pouring out standardized goods in mass production will not solve our problems. Mass production is a means to an end. You cannot turn out three times the amount of goods the market will absorb. Such procedure is a violation of supply and demand, which is as positive as the law of gravitation.

The basic law of business is simply this: A study of the human needs and the creation of things to gratify that desire. Every element of that most complicated of all studies, human nature, enters into this fundamental principle.

No, our problem is not that of overproduction, *per se*. There is an overproduction of old things, but there is a vast underproduction of new things. That is really what is wrong with us.

It has been shown that 30 percent of the people of the United States produce more food than we need and another 30 percent produce more than enough manufactured articles. It is up to the research men of the world to find employment for that part of the 40 percent that would ordinarily

2 Inventors Don't Invent Enough

By Charles F. Kettering

*In an interview with
Malcolm W. Bingay*

be unemployed. This cannot be achieved by stopping them, but by giving them orders to go full steam ahead.

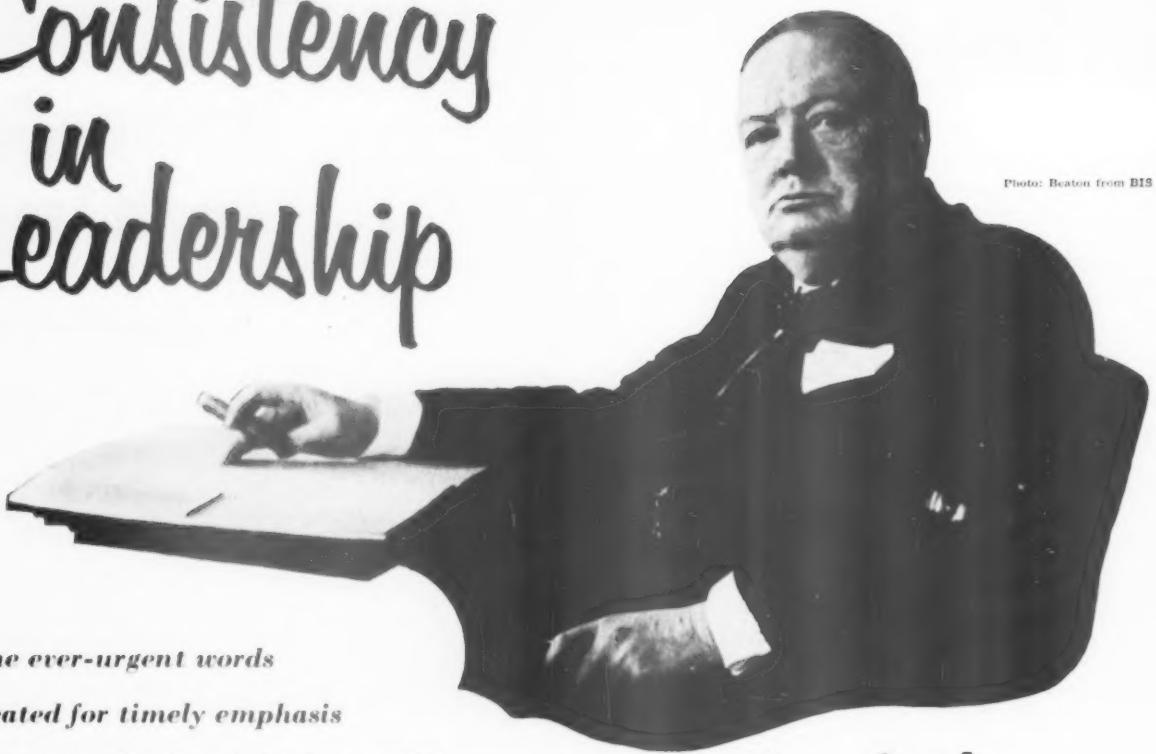
As a by-product of the intensive research work in the World War [World War I], the material side of our civilization took vast steps forward. Out of the war research we got the radio, aviation, tremendously valuable new chemicals, the talking motion pictures, new oils, new gases—an astounding array of new products that added to the wealth of the world and made possible the prosperity that collapsed in 1929—not as a result of those researches, but because of overexpanded credits and stock-market gambling of which the research engineer had no part.

How would we go about it to stabilize life by preventing further technical development? How would it be rationed out as needed? What part of science would we permit to unfold and what restrain?

Let's take medicine as an illustration. The world owes the doctor and the sanitation engineers a great debt for their contribution to our general health. But they have called upon all groups of their fellow scientists for help. The physicist furnished the X rays and all the other health-restoring rays and lights. The chemist gave to them untold numbers of specific compounds. The engineer gave to them all sorts of modern equipment to make their work easier [Continued on page 57]

Consistency in Leadership

Photo: Beaton from B&W



*Some ever-urgent words
repeated for timely emphasis
by a veteran leader of the free world.*

NO ONE has written more boldly on this subject than Emerson:

Why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself; what then? . . . A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. . . . Speak what you think today in words as hard as cannon

balls, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today.

These are considerable assertions, and they may well stimulate thought upon this well-worn topic.

A distinction should at the outset be drawn between two classes of political inconsistency. First, a statesman, in contact with the moving current of events and anxious to keep the ship on an even keel and steer a steady course may lean all his weight now on

**by Winston
Churchill**

Prime Minister of Great Britain

one side and now on the other. His arguments in each case, when contrasted, can be shown to be not only very different in character, but contradictory in spirit and opposite in direction; yet his object will throughout have remained the same. His resolves, his wishes, his outlook may have been unchanged, his methods may be verbally irreconcilable.

We cannot call this inconsistency. In fact, it may be claimed to be the truest consistency. The only way a man can remain consistent amid changing circumstances is to change with them



while preserving the same dominating purpose. Lord Halifax on being derided as a trimmer made the celebrated reply: "I trim as the Temperate Zone trims between the North Pole and the equator."

No greater example in this field can be found than Burke. His *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*, his writings and speeches on the conciliation of America, form the mainlasting armory of liberal opinion throughout the English-speaking world. His *Letters on a Regicide Peace* and *Reflections on the Revolution in France* will continue to furnish conservatives for all time with the most formidable array of opposite weapons. On the one hand he is revealed as a foremost apostle of Liberty, on the other as the redoubtable champion of Authority.

But a charge of political inconsistency appears a mean and petty thing applied to this great life. History easily discerns the reasons and forces which actuated him, and the immense changes in the problems he was facing which evoked from the same profound mind and sincere spirit these entirely contrary manifestations. His soul revolted against tyranny. No one can read the Burke of Liberty or the Burke of Authority without feeling that here was the same man pursuing the same ends, seeking the same ideals of society and government, and defending them from assaults, now from one extreme, now from the other.

It is inevitable that frequent changes should take place in the region of action. A policy is pursued up to a certain point; it becomes evident at last that it can be carried no further. New facts arise which clearly render it obsolete; new difficulties which make it impracticable. A new, and possibly the opposite, solution presents itself with overwhelming force. To abandon the old policy it is often necessary to adopt the new. It sometimes happens that the same men, the same Government, the same party have to execute this *volte face*. It may be their duty to do so because it is the sole manner of discharging their responsibilities, or because they are the only combination strong enough to do what is needed [Continued on page 53]

New Rotarian at 10 Downing St.

**His name is Churchill
and his Club is a band of 42 men
in Wanstead and Woodford.**



ON THE fringes of Britain's Epping Forest, some 15 miles northeast of London, live 62,000 folk of the borough of Wanstead and Woodford. This Essex County community is served, locally, by a Rotary Club of 42 members and, nationally, by a member of Parliament named Winston Churchill. Recently Rotarians of Wanstead and Woodford wrote to Mr. Churchill: "In you . . . 'Service above Self' is exemplified in a manner unique among men." Would he accept honorary membership in their Club? Mr. Churchill's reply is reproduced below.

This event reminded us—as it will long-time readers—of an article that Mr. Churchill wrote for *The Rotarian* in January, 1936, during an era when his name was as famed in byline as in headline. So we looked up that article, reread it, and concluded that its message is as meaningful for the '50s as for the '30s—if not more so. Thus we re-present it here in slightly abridged form. By 1936 Mr. Churchill had already distinguished himself in five Cabinet posts. Since then, as everybody knows, he has twice served his country as Prime Minister in its most perilous days of war and peace. No other person can write on the subject of leadership with greater personal authority than this new Rotarian at 10 Downing Street whose career has bridged the reigns of six British monarchs and whose hands have so importantly shaped the 17 years of world history since they put *Consistency in Leadership* on paper.—*The Editors.*

10 Downing Street
London S.W.1
29 September, 1951.

Dear Mr. Osborn,

I thank you for your letter of September 23 in which you enclose a Rotary membership badge.

Although I fear it will not be possible for me to take an active part in your gatherings, owing to my many commitments, I am indeed complimented at having been made an Honorary Member of the Wanstead and Woodford Rotary Club.

Yours sincerely,

Winston Churchill

L.R. Osborn, A.M.A.

Photo: Publishers Photo Service



Essendon's Old Pioneers jog to the dedication ceremony in nostalgic style; it's an old Australian stagecoach. Note the Pioneer with the rakish tophat.



Out front of the Retreat, Harry Winbush, then Club President, greets the guests and calls on the Mayor to receive the gifts.

Past International President Angus S. Mitchell unveils a handsome bronze plaque.



Past President Mitchell plants a tree in remembrance of the historic event.



Photos (p. 32) Dover from Rotarian R. Cowen

The Old People

In Australia

BETWEEN Australia and Austria there's a small difference of spelling and a wide difference of 12,000 miles. But both lands, and all between them, share one problem: how to keep the old folks happy. On these pages you see two Rotary answers.

Down under in Essendon, Australia, old men with time on their hands used to sit in pretty Maribyrnong Park. It was a fine, leafy place on mild Summer days. But park benches are no place for reminiscing in rain or raw wind. So in 1938 Essendon Rotarians built a small clubhouse, where the oldsters could get in out of the weather. The old gentlemen wrote rules for the house and named themselves the Old Pioneers.

So popular did this first "Pioneers' Retreat" prove that in 1942 Essendon Rotarians perfected plans for a larger, handsomer structure. To pay for it and its furnishings—some £2,000—Rotarians gave benefit balls and raised other money by donations. At the recent dedication of the new building, Rotary International Past President Angus S. Mitchell, of Melbourne, unveiled



Hats doffed, the Old Pioneers, Rotarians, and guests watch the ceremony in Essendon's attractive Maribyrnong Park. In good weather like this, the old gentlemen will sit outside.

REMEMBERED

In Austria

a plaque on the Retreat. Said the inscription: "The Rotary Club of Essendon dedicates this house of friendship to the city in gratitude to the pioneers who by their foresight and courage have made Essendon a city of which we are justly proud. The spirit shall not grow old."

Halfway around the world, in Austria, the same spirit animated another project for old people. Near the city of Linz, with its 34 Rotarians, is the displaced-persons camp of Neukirchen, where many old people live. To brighten the weary hours of these old people, Linz Rotarians hired a bus; their wives baked cakes and collected tobacco. The result was an outing that none of the 33 old people will ever forget. The group drove from the camp up into the Alps to Goisern. They saw the beautiful mountain lakes and the towering scenery, and then drove into an inn for a party. As the old people watched across their flower-decked tables, waiters filed in with puddings, cakes, and gayly decorated pastries. A small gesture? Not for those old folks. Nor for Linz Rotarians, repaid manyfold by touching gratitude.



Ready to go, the old people from the displaced-persons camp at Neukirchen take their places on the bus chartered by the Linz Club. Rotarians went along.



Linz Rotarians and their wives join the group at Sarstein House, where refreshments and entertainment were provided.



A cheerful, sunny dining room, tablecloths, and bright Alpine flowers all make the party a festive occasion for the oldsters, who are dressed in their best clothes for the mountain outing.



Coffee itself is a luxury; pretty waitresses serve it.



Cakes baked by the wives of Rotarians make a tempting line-up display.

Photos (p. 33) Lang

A STRANGER wandering into the Hotel Statler in Boston, Massachusetts, couldn't have distinguished the Rotarians from their guests. It was a regular Wednesday meeting, and the Club was entertaining an impressive group: a civil engineer with the city, a successful industrial salesman, a decorated war veteran, a business executive, and so on.

A few of the visitors were sitting at the speaker's table; others were scattered throughout the dining room. A typical Rotary gathering—but with this difference: *the visitors were all former juvenile delinquents.*

These prosperous, successful business and professional men who wore the guest badge that day represented the many success stories that Bostonians have helped to write through their unique program of juvenile probation, a program supported by Boston Rotarians to the sum of \$12,000 a year. It is called citizenship training.

This project in Youth Service, not unlike that conducted by many another Rotary Club, is a type of probation that is spreading. It is far more than a once-a-month visit to the probation offi-

It's Boston for Beans

cer. It cures and redeems. And cold statistics bear out these heart-warming facts: 87 percent of the youngsters who go through this course in citizenship training come out as those visitors to the Rotary Club—useful, producing members of society.

At the head of the program, as presiding justice of the Juvenile Court, is John J. Connelly, only juvenile-court justice in the United States who holds a lifetime appointment. His reputation for brilliance in the field of delinquency control—for a blend of daring and commonsense—is nation-wide. Not only that, but his court has received visitors from numerous European and Latin-American countries, even from Asia, and the citizenship-training

program was incorporated into new youth laws established a few years ago by Great Britain.

Judge Connelly regards the citizenship-training program, however, as the product of his predecessor, Judge John Forbes Perkins, under whom Judge Connelly worked as chief probation officer. It was Judge Perkins who first planned it, raised the money for it, and got it going.

In 1934 two eminent penologists completed a study of 1,000 delinquent boys who had come before the Juvenile Court. They announced that the court was a failure and should be abolished. They said that the court's percentage of success was only about 12 in 100.

Judge Perkins, however, lost no time pointing out that the figures were taken only from those boys who had been referred to psychia-



John J. Connelly, Juvenile Court justice and head of the citizenship-training program, hears a case involving two Boston youths.

...Books...and BETTER BOYS

Re: A good-citizenship plan

Rotarians underwrite.

By LAURA HADDOCK

trists for special treatment. But the vast majority of delinquent boys have nothing psychotic about them; they are just normal boys gone slightly off the rails of law and order—and, with understanding patience, can be hauled back to rectitude.

Judge Perkins and John Connelly talked over the problem, and in those conversations the Citizenship-Training Group was conceived. Just what is the program these two men initiated back in 1934?

Simply stated, it is a clinic—a sort of social-health center. One of the city's oldest social agencies, the Young Men's Christian Union, offered gymnasium and classroom space, as well as office facilities, for the new group. Here a boy, found delinquent at court and placed on probation, is sent immediately. And "immediately" means just that. No time is allowed to elapse between the moment when the Judge says, "I find you delinquent and place you on probation," and the boy's finding himself at the Citizenship-Training Group.

From the very first moment, therefore, the boy understands plainly the connection between his wrongdoing and his presence at CTG. Also, the Judge takes pains to explain the connection to him. He will say to him, "You must attend the Citizenship-Training Group of the court as a condition of your probation.



Whooops! These boys of the CTG are using the trampoline in the Young Men's Christian Union gymnasium. The frustrations of weakness often cause delinquency.

Here the men will be your friends, but you must attend every school day from 2 to 4 in the afternoon, and you must not be absent except for illness or some equally serious reason, or you will have violated your probation and will be brought back to court for a more severe disposal of your case.

"At CTG you will be required to learn how to behave as an acceptable member of society, and you must do your part. However, we will also do our part in helping you all we can."

Then the boy, in custody of a probation officer, goes immediately across the city to the CTG and is enrolled. A clerk takes down the facts about him: his age, grade in school, home address, and so on. An appointment is given him then and there to appear at the Boston Dispensary, a privately endowed medical clinic.

Thus the work is begun. The boy begins to attend classes and gym periods. But also the authorities begin looking into his physical condition and the conditions of his home. Much apparent "delinquency," of course, is brought about because a boy is puny or

has bad eyesight or poor hearing, or some other physical defect. Even more arises from dirty or discordant home conditions.

This citizenship-training program makes allowances for such difficulties and tries to remove them, but it still demands that the boy measure up to the standard set by society.

Declared Judge Perkins not long ago: "The harsh reality of life is this: Each person must perform the task of self-preparation himself. No one can do it for him. He must achieve at least a minimum standard of ability or he will meet failure, trouble, and unhappiness. If in the course of his self-preparation he receives aid, guidance, helpful suggestions, and inspiration, his task is made easier and he is much more likely to succeed. But whether he gets help or not, he must succeed or suffer. This is not fair, but it is the law of life. Life does not let him off."

Judge Connelly himself often remarks succinctly, "If a train you want to catch goes at 8:30, you've got to be there at 8:30 or you won't catch it. There may

A COMMUNITY SERVICE FEATURE

TREASURE HUNTER

*There is that boy of mine, off on a trip
Down a silvery creek on a rickety ship.
I know where he's bound: to an island; and why:
Old doubloons are buried deep under the sky.
And what do you think—would I shout him "Ahoy!"
Or waylay the raft of my voyager boy
And haul him to port? Not for all of the world!
Sail on, little man, while your sails are unfurled.
No island out there and no gold to be had?
The fools and their laughter—they lie, little lad
They hunted—the wise—and they found not a trace?
But you have that wonderful look on your face,
That light in your eyes and that dream in your breast.
What if they came home empty-handed—the rest?
White sands are out yonder, bright treasures unison—
I know, little fellow. Sail on, little son!*

—LARRY FLINT

have been all kinds of reasons beyond your control why you couldn't get there at 8:30, but still you won't catch the train.

"It is the same way with a boy," he adds. "There may be all sorts of reasons for bad conduct, but, tough as they are, they don't excuse him. He's still got to obey the law of the group, or else. All we try to do in citizenship training is to minimize the conditions that would undermine him, and increase his own strengths so that he can withstand the bad conditions."

In the process of citizenship training, the boy learns first of all to live peaceably with the group. He listens to lectures—even participates in discussions—on why the game of football, for example, must have rules. "Did any of you ever play in a football game where they played without rules?" is a question always asked. In at least one instance one of the boys had played in such a game and he readily described the chaos of it.

Then the boy gets daily sessions in the gymnasium where the well-muscled staff members and part-time instructors show him, by sharp personal experience if necessary, that he cannot bully the weaker boys, and cannot cheat and get away with it. At the same time they study the boy in action to detect possible lack of coordination, hidden fears, and other character problems that need attention. The gymnasium workouts serve of course to build

up his physique; it is said that you seldom find a juvenile delinquent who is a champion athlete.

Mental and psychological tests are given at CTG so that within a short period it is learned whether the boy is subnormal or brilliant, whether he has manual or primarily mental ability.

Sometimes it is found that a boy has never learned to read, he is then entered in a remedial reading class. Very often bad conduct stems from frustration at not being able to understand what is in the book.

Love, affectionate understanding, and patient consideration play a large part in the citizenship-training process. And "old grads" come back year after year to visit with the men who helped them when they needed help.

Louis G. Maglio, the probation officer who now operates the Citizenship-Training Group under Judge Connelly, is a man who combines gentle speech and friendly ways with a sharp insight into boyish character.

You will never hear him or Judge Connelly say: "There is no such thing as a bad boy," or, "There are no juvenile delinquents; there are only delinquent parents." Both men consider such statements a kind of soothing sirup to keep the community from tackling the job of controlling delinquency in an effective way. There are boys whom the citizenship-training method cannot reach, although they are rare. To blame the parents or society for delinquency is wrong, says Judge Connelly, and no one is more ready than the delinquent himself to offer the excuse, "I had an inferiority complex and that's why I did the things I did. It wasn't my fault."

This is the sort of realism that has brought success to this program—and to Boston boys.

When Judge Connelly approached some of his graduate citizens to help with a program before the Rotary Club of Boston not long ago, he received a stirring response. "Sure we'll come," they said. "Just say when. It won't matter what we're doing; we'll drop it and come. Anything we can do for you people we want to do."

Boston Rotarians feel just about the same way.



Making model ships and planes, young hands stay busy and out of mischief. Youths also pick up useful skills, under the eyes of trained craftsmen, for future vocations.

Speaking of BOOKS

From South America, a biography and novel.

From Europe, photos and armchair travel.

By JOHN T. FREDERICK

AS READERS of this department know, I think of biography as one of the finest fields for reading. This month, to headline a survey of books from a dozen countries, we'll look first at an outstanding example of biographical writing.

Salvador de Madariaga is one of the world's great historians and biographers of our time: this in addition to high achievements in the field of diplomacy and in the cause of peace. His great historical work, *Rise and Fall of the Spanish American Empire*, deals with the general background of three masterly biographies of which the third has recently appeared in English: *Christopher Columbus*, *Hernán Cortés*, and now *Bolívar*.

It is needless to say that the life of Bolívar—who, with San Martín, led in the liberation of Spanish America—is a subject as challenging as those of the two biographies which preceded it. Nor is it sufficient to say that this new work is one of thorough scholarship and high literary distinction. I would like to suggest something of the sustained passion for historical truth which I feel in its pages: not merely for factual accuracy, but for the larger truth of tone and of relationship in the whole picture. Part I is called "The Man and His Earth"; and such chapter titles as "The Roots," "The Home," "The Mental Skies," suggest the richness of background, the thoughtfulness with which the forces that shaped Bolívar's personality are examined. Similar breadth of vision, coupled with firm control of multifarious detail, marks the organization of the whole book. The reader of these 700 pages is privileged to observe with extraordinary fullness of insight and comprehension the whole colorful panorama of one of the most dramatic periods of human history.

The character of Bolívar emerges from these pages strongly portrayed, yet with the fringe of mystery that must always surround every great man. In a delightful "Foreword" Salvador de



A portrait of South American liberator Simón Bolívar from the biography by historian Salvador de Madariaga.

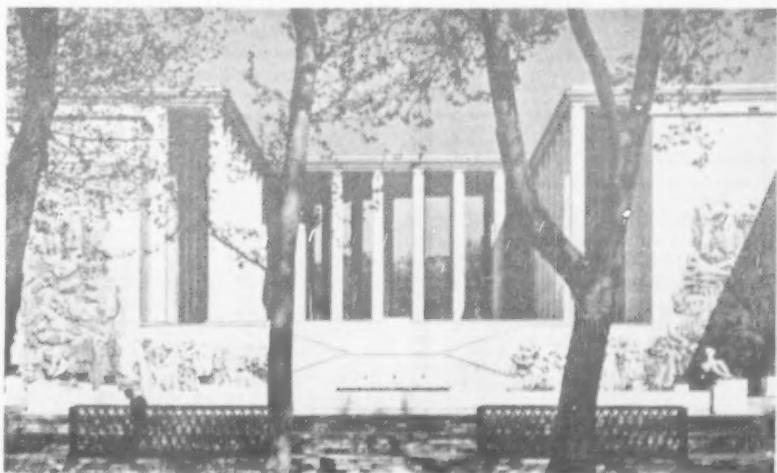
Madariaga notes the special problems of his subject. "The history of Bolívar," he tells us, "is bound to bristle with difficulties for the straightforward historian. Everything has to be studied through a haze of a-historical notions." The chief factors that contributed to the character, and hence to the career, of Bolívar he sees as, first, "the comeback of the Continent, which, after three centuries, *conquers its conquer-*

ors"; second, the general political and philosophical radicalism of the 18th Century; third, the influence of Napoleon. This last factor is developed most interestingly and convincingly throughout the book.

From Brazil comes *Epitaph of a Small Winner*, a novel by Machado de Assis. In March, 1944, I reviewed in this department another novel by a great Brazilian writer: *Rebellion in the Backlands*, by Euclides da Cunha. I called it a truly great book, and have continued to count it among the major reading experiences of my life. At that time I became interested in Machado de Assis, for I found him ranked by critics with da Cunha. These two men of the later 19th Century, I read, are "the two outstanding figures in all Brazilian letters."

Machado de Assis has been neglected by publishers and translators in the United States, however; *Epitaph of a Small Winner* is the first book of his I have found opportunity to read. I find it an arresting and memorable work of fiction, marked by deep insight and a great compassion. As the title suggests, it is the self-told story of a mediocre and ineffectual personality, comparable in its subject matter to Turgenev's *Diary of a Superfluous Man* and to the remarkable novel *An Ordinary Life*, by the great Czech writer Karel Čapek. The Brazilian novel is marked by more than a little humor, by a strong sense of the ironic, but most of all it seems to me remarkable for the author's profound sympathy for his unheroic hero—and indeed for all his characters, for all mankind.

Eternal France is a large book of photographs by Dr. Martin Hürlimann, a Swiss man of letters who is also a



*The Paris Museum of Modern Art, as seen in *Eternal France*, by Dr. Martin Hürlimann, whose photos show, says Mr. Frederick, "consummate skill . . . unmarred by tricks."*

Looking at

MOVIES

BY JANE LOCKHART

Key: Audience Suitability. M—Mature
Y—Younger. C—Children
★—Of More Than Passing Interest

The Devil Makes Three (MGM). Pier Angeli, Gene Kelly. Made in postwar Germany with U. S. and German cast, film relates efforts of the law to break up Nazi smuggling ring forcing night-club "hostess" to help in its schemes. Interesting and beautiful setting (partly in snow-covered mountains) for plot that often drags. Good performances. **M, Y**

★ **Eight Iron Men** (Columbia). Bonar Colleano, Arthur Franz, Lee Martin. Unfamiliar actors portray vividly the misery, fears, irritations, and humor of quarreling yet comradely squad of men on patrol near front lines in unidentified war. **M, Y**

Everything I Have Is Yours (MGM). Gower and Marge Champion provide delightful dancing sequences in obvious, rather silly story about difficulties of husband-and-wife professional dancing team. Colorfully set. **M, Y**

★ **The Four Poster** (Columbia). Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer. Forty-five years in married life of Victorian couple presented through sequences set in their bedroom, occasional flashbacks, cartoon sequences. Two-character film is sometimes amusing, sometimes poignant, always sentimental, lacks the satire and slyness of original play. **M, Y**

The Lusty Men (RKO). Susan Hayward, Arthur Kennedy, Robert Mitchum. Realistic, documentary-like presentation of that American phenomenon, the rodeo, and the kind of lives (reckless, harried, often sordid) which the men who take part in it live. Not much of a story, but the atmosphere (is it authentic?) is skillfully portrayed. **M, Y**

★ **O. Henry's Full House** (United Artists). Fred Allen, Anne Baxter, Jeanne Crain, Charles Laughton, Oscar Levant, Gregory Ratoff, David Wayne. Separate casts and directors present five famous O. Henry short stories on pattern of British use of works by W. Somerset Maugham. Uneven in quality but entertaining—even if wide familiarity robs stories of essential quality of surprise. Sentimental, warm-hearted, only occasionally ironic. **M, Y, C**

The Prisoner of Zenda (MGM). Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr, James Mason. The famous adventure novel in a dashing, action-packed version, colorfully set and extravagantly acted. It's unbelievably "play acting," of course, but good escapist fare. **M, Y**

The Thief (United Artists). Martin Gabel, Ray Milland. The FBI pursues clues in undoing of scientist who has sold out to foreign agents. Film has benefit of authentic Washington and New York backgrounds, is unique in that although it uses incidental sounds and music, no conversation is employed—tense action makes it unnecessary. Doesn't bother with motivations, relies on stereotypes for characterizations. **M, Y**

great photographer. The subjects are streets and buildings, roads and the countryside, of France today. Collectively these are the finest photographs of places I have ever seen. They are unmarred by tricks, by any self-assertion on the part of the photographer: the whole experience given by each one of them is that of the place itself—an experience made pure and intense by consummate skill in composition, in lighting, by the photographer's own devotion to the highest reality of his subject. Emphatically this is equally a book for those who will attend the 1953 Convention of Rotary International at Paris, and for the stay-at-home traveler. For the former, here is magnificent anticipatory revelation of things to see both in Paris and elsewhere in France: portrayal that cannot but enrich and deepen the actual experience when it comes. For the latter, here are pages to turn slowly, to savor and ponder, to return to again and again.

Also a "double-threat" book on a rather different level is *Paris Is a Nice Dish: Its Recipes and Restaurants*, by Osborne Putnam Stearns. For the prospective visitor to Paris here are definite up-to-date suggestions as to places and dishes to try as representative of Paris. For the stay-at-home there are some 150 French recipes, some of exotic and elaborate nature like "duckling Rouennais," but many of highly practical character—one for French-fried potatoes, for example.

I Am Going to Switzerland, by Anita Daniel, will prove useful and pleasant reading for any Convention travellers who plan to include Switzerland in their itineraries.

Rarely has so much substantial and authoritative information been offered in such small compass as is contained in *The Northern Countries*, a little book published by the foreign ministries of Denmark, Finland, Iceland, Norway, and Sweden. In 150 pages the geography, the people, the industries, the Government, and all major aspects of the culture of each of the five countries are treated.

I recommend heartily, not only to travellers but to the general reader, *Heroic Finland*, by David Hinshaw. This seems to me a book peculiarly important to ROTARIAN readers. I hope many businessmen will read it, as well as all interested (as we all must be) in the pattern of international relationships today. It is a friendly book, writer frankly in the spirit of international friendship. It is nonetheless dependable in every item of its abundant information about Finnish history, Finnish character, and Finnish life—business, industry, the arts, politics—as lived in Finland today. Excellent photographs, including many examples of Finland's

breath-taking modern architecture, add to the feeling of immediate reality in the descriptive pages of this book.

From the other corner of Europe is Gerald Brenan's *The Face of Spain*: a deeply serious and sympathetic study of the Spanish people today, by the British author of several important books on Spain. Though the pattern of this book conforms to that of a journey, in Spain, its substance is partially analytical. The visitor to Spain will find it a help toward understanding of much that he sees. For every reader, the easy and sensitive style, the brilliant picturing of place and people, and the warm sympathy of this book are distinctly rewarding.

Winter in London, by Ivor Brown, develops a sensible pattern in an extremely pleasant fashion. The pattern is that of walking trips in London and its environs—days spent in exploring and sight-seeing and just enjoying. The development is achieved by supplying in informal, conversational fashion the backgrounds for these journeys: the men and women whose lives have been connected with the places visited, the things that have happened there. The fabric of this background is full of lively incident, of humor, of flavor and color.

I'm going to find it hard to avoid seeming extravagant in my comment on *Canada: The Golden Hinge*, by Leslie Roberts. This seems to me an extraordinarily good book on every count. Its purpose is to present to the reader in the United States or any other country an impression of Canada today and a forecast of Canada's future. The impression sought is not only that of material achievement and activity, but of national attitude and character in both regional variations and common elements. This purpose seems to me to have been achieved by Leslie Roberts in a degree altogether exceptional. The book's appeal lies partly in the way it is put together—the clear and positive order and orderliness of ideas. It lies largely in the style of writing, a style at once brisk and sturdy, concretely colorful and yet direct and economical of words. It lies most of all, perhaps, in the fact that Mr. Roberts has something to say.

Books reviewed, publishers, and prices:
—*Bolívar*, Salvador de Madariaga (Pellegrini and Cudahy, \$10).—*Epitaph of a Small Winner*, Machado de Assis (Noontide Press, \$3.50).—*Eternal France* (Studio-Crowell, \$7.50).—*Paris Is a Nice Dish*, Osborne Putnam Stearns (Regnery, \$3).—*I Am Going to Switzerland*, Anita Daniel (Coward-McCann, \$3).—*The Northern Countries* (Foreign Ministries of Denmark, Finland, Iceland, Norway, and Sweden)—*Heroic Finland*, David Hinshaw (Putnam's, \$4.50).—*The Face of Spain*, Gerald Brenan (Pellegrini & Cudahy, \$3.75).—*Winter In London*, Ivor Brown (Doubleday, \$3.50).—*Canada: The Golden Hinge*, Leslie Roberts (Rinehart, \$3.50).

PEEPS

at Things to Come

BY HILTON IRA JONES, PH.D.

■ **Exit Chaetomium Globosum.** This tiny fungus organism with the huge name is so small that several thousand could easily congregate on the proverbial pin-head. Yet, despite its microscopic size, *Chaetomium globosum* is just as formidable as its name. Its voracious appetite can disintegrate a tough textile fabric into useless debris. It devours millions of dollars of unprotected textiles annually. But a fungicide has now been developed that will protect textiles and textile products against this destruction, increase the fabric life, and add a profitable sales plus.

■ **Strap Wrench.** For doing all sorts of plumbing work on highly polished pipes, a new strap wrench seems to be just the thing. A flexible woven strap provides a soft contact but a perfect grip, and the curved nose prevents denting and is unbreakable. There are two models in many sizes.

■ **Nut Setter.** A revolutionary, screw driver and nut setter carries a new push-button valve by means of which the action can be reversed without removing from the work—no stopping to turn any levers or no waste time. A choice of positive or adjustable clutch has been made available.

■ **Midget Water Purifier.** Now available is a little device which provides the housewife with sufficient pure water for her steam iron. Ordinary tap water is poured into the upper reservoir of a plastic tube and it percolates through a layer of ion exchange resins. The tube carries the purified water into the chamber of the steam iron. Of course, only distilled water or demineralized water should be used in a steam device of this kind.

■ **Fiber Felt.** One of the most amazing materials ever developed by science is a new cellulose-fiber felt. It is downy-soft and amazingly resilient. It withstands impact, insulates, deadens sound, and can be furnished moisture resistant and fire retardant. Easily fabricated to any size or shape, it is available in a variety of densities and thicknesses.

■ **Positively Fast.** With a new device, photo-exact finished positive copies of any office record—regardless of type or color, from originals up to 14 inches wide and of any length—can be made in less than a minute without any developing, washing, fixing, or drying. Small, light, and compact, the machine takes up not much more space than a simple dictating machine. No special installation is required and it operates after being plugged into any electric current. Also

no darkroom is needed. The record to be copied is placed face to face with a sheet of the negative paper on the printer and exposed. The record is then removed from the printer; the exposed negative paper is placed with a sheet of the positive paper in the device. In about ten seconds the two sheets will emerge from the rear slot of the machine. Peel them apart and you have a perfect positive copy.

■ **Communication System.** A new design in electronic communicating equipment may now be installed on a 110-volt (AC or DC) lighting circuit to serve as a means of transmission to carry two-way conversation between stations. It is designed to operate on circuits normally employed in office and plant departments. A silencing circuit maintains the unit in static-free condition until it is actuated by a signal from another unit on the same circuit. It includes a three-position talk-listen switch and a volume control.

■ **Home Fire Alarm.** A new, inexpensive, easy-to-install, home fire-alarm system has been developed whose purpose is to awaken the family before a possible fire gains headway. This is accomplished by installing a detector cell in each room, close to the ceiling, and an alarm bell near the master bedroom. Silver-alloy contact points of the detector cells are preset at the factory to function at 125° Fahrenheit. Should a fire start any place in the house, the heat rises and sets off the detector cell, which in turn rings the alarm to awaken the sleeping family. The low thermal setting awakens the family in plenty of time either to put out the fire or call the fire department before it gets out of control. The system can be installed by anyone in a few hours, and detector cells can be tested at any time by holding the flame of a match or candle under the cell; additional cells can be



Snow-covered walks and driveways need prove no pain in the back for homeowners when a self-propelled rotary plow such as this is on hand. It cuts a 17-inch path, will throw snow 15 feet.

added when desired. The system can also be used to protect outbuildings, such as barns, chicken houses, garages, etc.

■ **Adhesive Disks.** Now available are small adhesive disks to take the place of thumb tacks and adhesive tape. Adhesive on both sides, the disks will adhere to metal, glass, or wood and can be peeled off and used over and over again without damage to walls, wood-work, or paint. They are ideal for schools, stores, drafting departments, and food distributors, and are used everywhere for sticking up pictures and cutouts and for mounting maps and charts.

■ **Cutting Out the Head.** Now available is a hand-operated tool that cuts out the heads of 55-gallon or smaller steel drums. Heretofore it has been necessary to cut them out with a cold chisel or by some equally crude method. With the new tool, you simply turn a crank and it runs itself around the head and cuts the head and does a smooth job like a large can opener. The shear wheel can be easily replaced.

■ **Motorist's Helper.** A new gadget on the motorcar's dashboard notifies the driver by means of a red light that he is overaccelerating and wasting gasoline. The light also flashes if the ignition is inadvertently left on or if the engine stalls in traffic. There is no need to take one's eyes off the road as the signal is clearly visible as the driver looks ahead. A vacuum switch, mounted on the intake manifold, and the indicator light which fits any car can be installed in a few minutes with a wrench and a screwdriver.

■ **Tapered Spring Connector.** Pigtail splices can be made quickly in electrical wiring with a new tapered wire spring connector by turning it into position on a pair or more of single or multistrand electric wires. It will handle wires up to 10 gauge in a great many combinations. The tapered wire terminates in a turning stem at the large end to provide turning leverage. The spring action results in a tight grip that will not shake loose. After the connector is in place, the notched turning stem is broken off and the splice wrapped with plastic electrical insulating tape to make a water- and oil-resistant splice.

■ **Coated Sails.** Fiberglas sails coated with long-wearing plastic require virtually no care. They need not be dried and are permanently mildew resistant. They are easily washable with soap and water and are unaffected by grease, oil, dirt, salt water, acid, alkalies, or other chemicals. It has been tested by burying it 15 months in a compost pit without any ill effect.

* * *

Letters to Dr. Jones may be addressed in care of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

Elmer Jones Gives a 'Classification Talk'

And our Scratchpad Man
is there in Missouri
to see him do it.



It's "heads up" as Miner Jones tells Rotarians about the miles of trolley wire.

WHEN Sylvester Schiele, the first President of the first Rotary Club (Chicago), got up in one of its early meetings back there in '05 or '06 and gave a talk about his coal company, he started something now traditional in Rotary: the "classification talk." Since then, thousands of Rotarians in many lands have taken the speaker's stand to tell their fellow members about their vocations—from architecture to zoology. One Monday night a few weeks ago Elmer Jones, of Bonne Terre, Missouri, joined their ranks.

Elmer Jones, you should know, is a mining-company executive. As the assistant general manager of the St. Joseph Lead Company, which has been in continuous production in southeast Missouri since 1864, he helps direct operations that account for over 30 percent of the lead mined in the United States. When it came his turn to give a classification talk, he decided to start it at the weekly Club supper in the Hotel Bonne—and finish it some 500 feet underground in the mine. That would be getting down to bedrock, he figured.

Thus, on the big night there stood in front of the company's No. 1 shaft 21 Rotarians, helmets on their heads and lamps lighted, all ready to step into a cage that would take them deep into the earth and to a new experience. I, dear reader, was with them, camera in hand, pencil in pocket, and heart in mouth. In one steady drop we put about 50 stories of earth over our heads, and stepped out into a new world geared for digging, loading, hauling,

and hoisting more than 20,000 tons of lead ore daily.

Aboard a four-car passenger train powered by a 15-ton locomotive, we travelled many miles underground to several operating areas, or "stopes" as miners call them. At each stop where operations were in progress, Rotarian Elmer described what was going on. Not always, however, could the train take us right to a stope—which meant some walking up and down rather steep inclines with rocky surfaces. But that, too, was part of the classification talk, for it put us figuratively into a miner's shoes and helped us to understand his job.

Along the route of our tour were many demonstrations of mining ingenuity and enterprise, but none impressed Rotarians more than the machine shop, a huge, well-lighted area where all maintenance and repair work is done on operating equipment. As Rotarian Jones pointed out, the shop cuts repair time and costs by making it unnecessary to send machines to the surface for new parts or fixing.

It was an evening for questions and answers—with Elmer explaining the block signal system that keeps 45 or more trains a safe distance apart . . . the lead content of the rock which he said was 2 percent . . . the electric blasting method . . . the pumping of thousands of gallons of water to the surface. It was this and other information that gave these 21 men of different businesses and professions a glimpse of the problems and practices of an industry



that employs some 3,500 of their community neighbors.

They learned other things, too, that Rotarian Jones didn't have to point out. For instance, they saw frequent examples of something Rotary has long promoted: good employer-employee relations. They saw it as Assistant General Manager Jones waved at a worker, or greeted another by his first name. And as Rotarians themselves met workers they knew, it was, "Hi, Bill! How goes the digging?"

Yes, the Bonne Terre fellows learned a good bit deep down in Missouri that night. Some of it had to do with Vocational Service, some with fellowship. All in all, thanks to Elmer, it was a "solid" evening—solid as lead.

—Yours, THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



"This is the night we go down, fellows," says Howard M. Terry, Club President, at the meeting that preceded the lead-mine visit.



2 To this mining area came Bonne Terre Rotarians for the descent. In the background is a "chat" pile—the sand-like ore remaining after most of the lead has been extracted.



3 Equipped with helmets and lamps, the 21 visitors get a briefing in a locker room from Rotarian Jones (left) just before they go down. In their back pockets are fastened batteries for the lamps.



4 Down they go some 500 feet in a cage that takes about ten passengers at a time. When the cage is ready to be lowered, a cord is pulled that signals an operator in a near-by building to let it descend.



5 In passenger cars such as these, Rotarians travelled to several sections of the mine to see operations in progress. They learned that trains are run safely over several hundred miles of track by use of a block signal system that flashes red and green lights to engineers.



6 As they stand by the tail end of a loading car, Rotarian Jones tells his fellows that all lead rock is loaded in cars mechanically.



7 Called the "St. Joe" shovel because it was designed by engineers of the St. Joseph Lead Company, this electric monster has a retracting dipper that can load a ton a minute. Rotarians saw a "St. Joe" operate in one of the "stopes."



8 One of the group focuses his lamp on a piece of lead ore for others to examine.... (Below) T. J. Clifford (left), assistant general mill superintendent, explains to G. V. Allers, Past District Governor, how lead is extracted from finely crushed ore by a tabling process.



Personalia

'BRIEFS' ABOUT ROTARIANS,
THEIR HONORS AND RECORDS.

MAN and Marlin. Sometimes it seems that the necessary hours for the transaction of Rotary Club business just don't fit themselves into a busy man's schedule as they should. Such a situation developed recently in the lives of STANFORD R. ESPEDAL, President of the Rotary Club of Waikiki, Hawaii, and N. R. DAWLEY, a Waikiki Rotarian and fishing-boat operator, who at a Club Assembly had come up with some worth-while activities for their Club. However, as good ideas will, they needed development. Both busy men, they arranged to do their conferring on CAPTAIN DAWLEY's fishing boat. The day arrived for their conference aboard ship. While they talked, PRESIDENT ESPEDAL took a fishing rod in hand—for the first time in his life. Just 15 minutes later he had a strike; and in 37 minutes more he had landed a sleek 145-pound stripe marlin.

Rotarians Honored. DR. NESTOR DE QUEVEDO, of Scranton, N. Y., has been certified as a diplomate of the American Board of Obstetrics and Gynecology, the highest honor in his specialty.



Dannels

... CLARENCE M. DANNELLY, of Montgomery, Ala., has recently been elected by the Methodist Church to membership on its Judicial Council, nine-member Supreme Court of the worldwide denomination.

He is one of the four laymen represented on the Council; the other members are clergymen. . . . STANLEY S. KRESGE, of Detroit, Mich., has been awarded an honorary doctor's degree by Albion College. . . . The Freedom Foundation has awarded second-place honors in its public-address contest to JAMES L. CHRISTENSEN, of Wellington, Kans. . . . LEO E. GOLDEN, of Hartford, Conn., a Past Director of Rotary International, has been elected to honorary membership in Delta Nu Alpha, transportation fraternity.

Youth. "When you have the habit of working," says HARRY D. MATTESON, Secretary of the Rotary Club of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., "you're uncomfortable if you don't. It's like David Harum said about dogs, 'A reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog. They keep him from brooding over the fact that he is a dog.'" ROTARIAN MATTESON made this statement in the local press, which was wondering in print just how he, the city chamberlain who is "over 70," manages to stay so young. It cited the fact that he walks the mile and a half

from his house to work twice each day, and that he keeps up acquaintance with younger folks—especially the "young blood" of his Rotary Club. He himself summed it up: "I get along. I mix with the youngsters. I have no dignity. No one calls me MR. MATTESON. Everyone calls me HARRY. If you were to go along Main Street and ask for MR. MATTESON, people wouldn't know whom you meant. They'd say, 'Do you mean HARRY MATTESON?'"

Collection . . . Distribution. J. M. A. ILOTT, of Wellington, New Zealand, Past Second Vice-President of Rotary International, has a keen appreciation of art, a sharp eye for bargains, and a deep desire to be of service. Over the years his friends have watched as he built an enviable collection of etchings and prints, picking up rare proofs of old masters during his world travels. Recently they read in Wellington news-



papers that ROTARIAN ILOTT had presented his collection to their National Art Gallery. Including works by Rembrandt, Forain, Durer, Van Dyck, and Whistler, the gift was described as one of the best collections in the Southern Hemisphere.

Busy Man. Two pages of a national U.S.A. magazine recently were devoted to "The Busiest Man in Town" as it



The Government of Chile bestows the Bernardo O'Higgins Medal on Philip Lovejoy, Rotary's General Secretary from 1942 to 1952. Chilean Supreme Court Justice Franklin Quezada R., a Rotarian of Santiago, presents it at a meeting of the Chicago Rotary Club.

titled its "profile" of SMITH ROBINSON, a Healdsburg, Calif., Rotarian. Because of a heart condition, young SMITH ROBINSON discontinued his studies at the University of California. Since then he has proved there was nothing wrong with his heart—at least in a nonmedical sense—by putting three brothers and a sister through the same university. He has also organized and directed a widely known choir and is chairman of Healdsburg's "Operation Adopted Battalion": the First Battalion, 7th Infantry Regiment, of the U. S. Army 3d Division now in Korea. He writes hundreds of letters to the boys. The busy man also coaches baseball and football teams.

See! An eye for service doesn't necessarily dim like other vision. Proving this many times over is CARL BERRIDGE, President of the Rotary Club of Flushing, Ohio, who was blinded 16 years ago in an explosion. ROTARIAN BERRIDGE is



The next Convention is the subject up for discussion. It's the recent meeting of Rotary's '53 Convention Committee, plus certain RI officers and others in Hotel Raphael in Paris. Seated at the table are (left and clockwise) Retiring General Secretary Philip Lovejoy; incoming General Secretary George R. Means; Fritz Gysin, of Switzerland; Jean Dusausoy, Chairman of the Host Club Executive Committee; Yves Glotin, of France; Gian Paolo Lang, of Italy, Chairman of ENAEMAC; Percy Reay, of England; Rotary's international President, H. J. Brunnier, of the U.S.A.; Adolfo E. Autrey, of Mexico; Convention Committee Chairman Francis Kettaneh, of Lebanon; Convention Manager Gerald Keeler; and A. Z. Baker, of the United States, Chairman of the '53 North American Transportation Committee. Not shown but attending the meeting was First Vice-President Pierre Yvert, of France.

an active insurance man, vice-president of the Belmont County Association of Insurance Agents, president of the Buckeye Sportsman's Club, and 1952 president of the Flushing Baseball Club.

Know-How. When it comes to being President of a Rotary Club, MORTIMER STONE has, it might be said, the proper and necessary know-how. Now President of the Rotary Club of Denver, Colo., he has served Presidential terms in Delta and Fort Collins, Colo. Though his fellows know their Club President's record has been tied and even surpassed, they are proud to have as their leader a man whose escutcheon bears such three-term recognition.

Senior Graduation. In 1912 Rotary's Secretariat consisted of part-time SECRETARY CHESLEY R. PERRY and a rolltop desk—until pretty MILDRED TROSIN started work as the organization's first full-time employee. She stayed and watched some important changes. She herself changed her name, for one thing, when



Vandervelde

she married ALBERT VANDERVELDE. She watched Rotary Clubs sprout up all over the world map, saw her little sister—VERA TROSIN—join the Secretariat staff in 1921. And as Rotarians began to number hundreds of thousands, MILDRED VANDERVELDE herself served Boards and became Rotary's Constitutional expert. Recently, after a full 40 years on the staff, Mrs. VANDERVELDE brought a close to her career as the senior-service member of the Secretariat. In mid-November she and her sister, VERA, retired to much-deserved leisure—with happy plans for some pastoral comfort in Arkansas. A near neighbor to them there will soon be Mrs. CLARENCE W. MEYER, who was HAZEL NEUBERGER when she joined Rotary's Secretariat in 1916. Mrs. MEYER, whose years of service total 32, is capping her tenure with retirement on December 31.

Mover Man. Like many another city these days, Pittsburgh, Pa., is rearranging itself to fit the needs of a modern metropolis. The central business section has been virtually rebuilt in a section known as the Golden Triangle. This means progress—but also it means plenty work for large firms to move their offices, lock, stock, and personnel. Standing by to make the big chore easier is EDWARD WERNER, South Hills, Pa., Rotarian, whose transfer and storage company has handled four of the six companies to move thus far. Getting the job done has meant pioneering new ideas in the moving business. An example: Because storage vans could not be used in narrow walkways, he and his men operated an "air lift": a temporary bridge between sky-scraping buildings. Over this bridge ROTARIAN WERNER moved about two-thirds of the

600,000 cubic feet of furniture in one of his jobs—without ever getting his feet on the ground.

Trip Tip. It's been said that one way to enjoy travel is to "live in each spot for a while." That's the way STEPHEN A. DERRY, a St. Matthews, Ky., Rotarian, did on his recent trip to Europe

and North Africa. Along the way he put down Rotary roots of residence. When he returned to his own land, he brought gifts of flags from several Clubs, presented them to his own Club. Aboard the *Independence* on his home-going trip, he organized a luncheon of Rotarians—the first such meeting to be held aboard that ship.

Some Lines of Type—and a Life

THIS is a tale about 58 lines of type, how they crossed an ocean and rearranged a human life. They were printed in this Magazine in August, 1948, and they told the first chapter of this story.

To go back just a little further, the story really began when a Jackson, Tennessee, Rotarian gave a classification talk one Wednesday noon in 1946. Shelby A. Robert, director of agriculture and forestry for the Gulf, Mobile and Ohio Railroad, put his whole heart into that Club program. He talked about trees. He told his fellow Rotarians about their State's timber resources and the need to conserve them. Then he suggested that the Jackson Club might start a youth program, teaching lads the techniques of woodland improvement.

Routine? Perhaps. It's the sort of thing that happens in about 7,600 other Rotary Clubs each week. But because Rotary is the kind of world-wide association that it is, the influence widened.

Soon 58 lines of type and several photographs in THE ROTARIAN reported on the success of Jackson's woodland project. A third of a million copies of that report circulated through the Rotary world.

One copy of that issue found its way to Ludwigsburg, Germany, and inside the compounds of a displaced-persons camp there. Within that camp were seven men—all former Rotarians—who met each week and took turns putting on programs "to keep Rotary alive," as they put it. Keeping the minutes of those meetings for the Rotary group was Leopold Vidlak, a skilled forester who had been



Friends Vidlak and Robert meet!

forced to leave his family and possessions in Czechoslovakia. Naturally, when that copy of THE ROTARIAN came to his hands, his greatest interest was in that story related to his work—the story of timber in Tennessee. As he read it, Vidlak got an idea. He sat down with pen and paper to write a letter—to Shelby Robert in Jackson—explaining his plight and his skills. He wanted to make a new life somewhere in America, helping to care for the great forests of the New World.

Shelby Robert wasted no time in writing to authorities. Even though he was unable to bring his unmet friend to Tennessee, he had set in motion a chain of events that led to permission for Leopold Vidlak to go to a new job and a new life in Canada. The ordeal of waiting was over.

That's about all there is to the story—except to say that Shelby Robert made a special trip to Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, just to meet his friend, and Leopold Vidlak returned the visit by spending the 1951 Christmas holidays in the Robert home in Jackson. There the two friends talked shop and looked over the Tennessee timber—bringing this Rotary story full circle, to the place where it all started. And both remarked how appropriate it seemed that on a coffee table in the Robert home over which they had many a good chat there lay some copies of the Magazine that had started their friendship—and that would go on starting others.



The lines of type that started it.

Canada Gives Its Newcomers a Hand Getting settled in Canada is being made a lot easier for newcomers from Europe by the plans of many Canadian Rotary Clubs. For example, in SHERBROOKE, QUE., the Rotary Club hastened the building of friendly ties for the "New Canadians" of its area by arranging a picnic for them. Held at a scenic beach, the gathering was attended by more than 100 newcomers who had come from six European countries. They sang, played games, and enjoyed refreshments provided by the SHERBROOKE Club.

The problem of learning a new language is being eased for Canada's new residents in BURLINGTON, ONT., by the work undertaken by local Rotarians.

Photo: Eastern Air Lines



Organized only in 1952, the Rotary Club of Miami Springs, Fla., is already flying high, as this photo attests. It was taken some 10,000 feet up during a meeting in flight. Putting gavel to bell is Thomas DuPree, Vice-President of the Miami Springs Club.

In classes sponsored by the Rotary Club, the country's recent arrivals are learning English and are being counselled on matters pertaining to citizenship. . . . Alongside the immigration building in WINNIPEG, MAN., is a lot which the WINNIPEG Club is turning into a playground for the children of "New Canadians" to use during the immigration processing period.

A Soldier's Plea From an American "G.I." in Korea came an appeal, not long ago, to a KANSAS CITY, Mo., newspaper columnist. It stressed the need for reading material with these words: "We're on the line right now—I can't say where—but I guess I don't need to tell you that when the men aren't fighting, the time hangs pretty heavy. Reading material means a great deal." The columnist published the letter, and KANSAS CITY Rotarians decided to do some-

thing about it. Each member was asked to bring five magazines to be sent to Korea. On the day they were to be collected and mailed, there were more than 4,200 magazines and books deposited in the temporary post office set up in the hotel where the Club meets. Before the day was over, some 400 packages of reading material had been started Korea-ward by two special postal clerks. One Club member alone donated 500 magazines.

Kyoto Welcomes Youth Abroad Friendly ties of the international variety were formed not long ago in KYOTO, JAPAN, when the local Rotary Club feted a group of young people from SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. The girls and boys—all members of SAN FRANCISCO Hi-Y Clubs—were on a tour of Japan under the guidance of two adult advisors. The program included talks by two of the teen-agers.

Youth Is Eager to 'Know Rotary' Is the youth of your community getting a chance to become acquainted with your Club and its members? It's a mutually beneficial relationship, many Clubs will tell you. In EL MONTE, CALIF., the Rotary Club has as its guest at regular meetings the president of the student body of the lo-



"Miss Make-Up" is the hen and "Stinky" the wooden goat held by Rotarian Bruce Croskery, of Belding, Mich., and Glenn Stewart, Governor of District 219. The hen is for low individual attendance, the goat for low Club attendance. Rotarian Croskery "won" the hen.

cal high school. If the president is a girl, then the vice-president is chosen. In addition to attending meetings, the student receives the Club bulletin and THE ROTARIAN every month. Then, to give him the feeling of "belonging," the Club permits the guest to preside as President at least once during the year. It is a relationship that continues even after a boy's term as guest is over.

The Rotary Club of VAN WERT, OHIO, also has a student-guest program, one that it has followed for a decade. With the co-operation of the faculty of the local high school, two senior boys are chosen to attend Club meetings for two months. At the end of the two-month period, two other boys are selected. It is a process carried on throughout the year.

Lexington Shows Its Grassland To Nebraska's Dawson County there came some 50 men recently to talk with farmers, see their farms, and observe agricultural methods. They comprised the Sixth International Grassland Congress, and among them were 34 agriculturalists from lands around the world. While on their tour of Western United States they stopped in LEXINGTON, NEBR., where they were guests at a Rotary Club meeting. Later they visited two farms and an alfalfa-dehydrating plant.

Aylmer Tags 'em for \$100 "Tag, mister?" was heard often and in many places on the day that the Rotary Club of AYLMER, QUE., CANADA, held its recent county fair. At the fair grounds throughout the afternoon, six paper-hatted girls sold tags for the Club's crippled-children fund. During the evening, Rotarians' ladies took over and extended their walking to include local hotels. At 10:30 P.M., tag day ended and the proceeds were brought in for counting. The goal had been set at \$100, but when the last penny was counted, the mark had been missed by \$3.78. So . . . out again went the ladies and in a few minutes they were back with the necessary amount.

Pasadena Forges U.S.-Mexican Ties During a recent four-week period in PASADENA, CALIF., the community's streets, homes, stores, and college had a "South of the Border" air about them. It was all because there had come to PASADENA 23 Mexican teachers to learn how to improve their methods in teaching English. Behind



Spotting their homelands on a world globe are eight Latin-American cadets at a meeting of the Lebanon, Tenn., Rotary Club. As guests of the Club, they said they "felt at home," and each talked briefly about his native country.

the project was Pasadena City College, all service clubs, the Chamber of Commerce, and many of the townspeople, but the originator of the idea was a Rotarian, Robert K. Yeaton, head of the college's department for international students. His Rotary Club organized a community-wide committee to issue an invitation to Mexican teachers, arrange for their quarters in private homes, and raise funds for the project. With the cooperation of the U. S. Consulate in Guadalajara, arrangements were completed with the teachers, most of whom flew to TIJUANA, MEXICO, where they were met by Rotarians and others and driven to PASADENA. Courses were given in English, reading, and pronunciation, as well as lectures and films on special subjects. Tours were made through schools, churches, businesses, and other local sites of interest, and during the four weeks the guests lived in 35 homes. The Rotary Club also entertained them, as did several other civic organizations. After the teachers had returned to their homes, a Rotarian spokesman called it "a wonderfully rich experiment in international friendship."

13,400 Come to Matewan's Fair After much planning and hard work by the 45 members of the Rotary Club of MATEWAN, W. VA., the turnstiles started to go 'round as the Club's "Magnolia Fair" opened. Before they stopped turning six days later, more than 13,400 people had passed through the gates. Site of the fair was a baseball park equipped with batteries of lights, and around the edge of the area some 50 display booths held exhibits by local business and industrial concerns. Entertainment included a ferris wheel, a high-flying swing, and a professional performer atop a tall pole (see cut). There were also amateur boxing, a horse show, a beauty contest, and performances by local radio entertainers. Admission was 25 cents for adults, 10 cents for children, and despite expenses that totalled more than \$4,000, it was reported that the net profit was substantial. Part of the proceeds was set aside for another fair; the rest was donated to the Community Red Feather Fund.

They Dived Right into This Project Not long ago when the temperature was high and the water was warm, the Rotary Club of PLATTSMOUTH, NEBR., made many young hearts happy by arranging a swimming program for children aged 8 to 15. To ensure proper instruction, the Club obtained swimming teachers through the Red Cross. It also furnished transportation to the beach 3½ miles from town.

More Nurses Are Oneida's Goal There's a shortage of nurses in ONEIDA, N. Y., as there is in most communities, but a plan is in operation there designed to help relieve the condition. The sponsor of the plan is the Rotary Club of ONEIDA, and the aim is to award nursing scholarships



Photo: Delavan Enterprise

Only for the photographer did these Delavan, Wis., Rotarians lean on their shovels. After the lens clicked, they returned to digging holes for \$250 worth of trees and shrubs they planted on local school grounds. Some students turned out to dig, too.



Photo: Steele

Fun at the fair sponsored by the Matewan, W. Va., Rotary Club was enjoyed by more than 13,000 people. For an account of the week-long event, see the adjoining item.



Fun at the circus in Wichita Falls, Tex., is had by some 3,000 members of the Rotary-sponsored Boys' Club. Tickets totalling \$9,000 were given by an unnamed donor.



Headed for Rotary are these trim cabin boats owned by Apalachicola, Fla., Rotarians. Two others were in the fleet, but out of camera range. At the time, Club meetings were being held at a river-bank lodge and members went to and from them by boat.



Photo: Berlepsch

For their courage in saving four lives in a fire, three teen-agers and the mother of one of them hold Rotary certificates of merit. Their valiance was recognized by the Rotary Club of North Haven, Conn., at a meeting. At left is Rotarian C. L. Rice and Ralph M. Desmond, President of the Club.



For emergency work by its community's first-aid and rescue squad, the Rotary Club of Hackettstown, N. J., bought this 110-volt portable generator. It furnishes current wherever needed. Here P. L. Orr (right), Club President, presents the \$450 unit to the rescue chief.

to ten young ladies a year for the next three years. It is estimated that each scholarship will cost \$300, and that the total three-year expenditure will reach \$10,000. The Rotary Club intends to sponsor some of the students itself, and to seek sponsors for other trainees. The first year of the plan eight students were enrolled for a three-year training course. A local business firm is sponsoring four nurses, another company is sponsoring two, and the Rotary Club two. Other sponsors are being approached by the Club for 1953 and 1954. A permanent Club Committee administers the plan, and a special committee examines the qualifications of applicants.

Whittlings from Scouting World Though taught self-reliance in their troop activities, Boy Scouts need adult assistance occasionally—and here are some examples of the Rotary variety. In CULVER CITY, CALIF., the Rotary Club sponsors a troop of 36 scouts. Recently the Club celebrated "Boy Scout Day" at a meeting, and present were all members of the troop. A high light of the occasion was the induction of two new members into the Scout group.

In the southern New Hampshire community of PETERBOROUGH is a trout stream called "Kids' Brook"—a fishing haven for youngsters only—and the youngsters who readied the brook for fishing are Explorer Scouts sponsored



Photo: © Wakefield Express

In his racer sits the winner of the "Soap Box" derby co-sponsored by the Rotary Club of San Bernardino, Calif. It attracted 153 speedsters, and the victor won a trip to Akron, Ohio, for a "shot" at the national title. In rear are Rotarian officials of the race.



Michigan Rotarians are tumbling pins in many alleys this year in their annual State-wide bowling tournament. Here are the '51 winners of the Bronson, Mich., Club receiving a trophy from D. J. Hayman (third left), of Van Dyke, Mich., the tournament organizer.

by the PETERBOROUGH Rotary Club. The Explorers—a Scout organization for boys 14 to 18—built dams to maintain the brook's level and accepted the job of managing the stream scientifically. For their work the Explorer Scouts won a special award from a U. S. magazine devoted to outdoor sports.

A Club that has sponsored the same Boy Scout troop for 25 years is that of ROGERS, ARK. For the past eight years a Rotarian has served as Scoutmaster and during that time some 380 boys have been on the roster of the troop. Recently four of the Scouts received Eagle awards and one a bronze Eagle Palm.

Set for next July is a Scout Jamboree to be held in California, and plans are now under way in DERBY-SHELTON, CONN., to enable 32 Explorer Scouts sponsored by the Rotary Club to attend. To meet expenses on the trip, the Scouts have earned \$3,000 by conducting scrap drives, and the Rotary Club has pledged \$2,000 to the fund.

Bill? Bill Who? Why, Bill Smith! In the Rotary Club of WASHINGTON, D.C., there are nearly 300 men—and 20 of them are nicknamed "Bill." There are about ten "Ed's," several "Dan's," and many others on the roster known by the same familiar name. In Clubs of this size, quick association of all nicknames with their correct last names often comes slowly, especially for members who seldom see each other between meetings. To help overcome this fellowship problem, a WASHINGTON, D. C., Rotarian distributed to his fellows a membership



Eyes are turned upward here to read a book page projected on the ceiling by the machine on the table. It uses microfilm and the bedded patient turns the pages with a button control. The Morley, England, Rotary Club owns the machine. Among Rotarians watching is S. Ineson (third left), Club President.



In its polite way, this sign outside Taree, Australia, cautions drivers to drive carefully. It was erected by the Rotary Club in cooperation with the local road safety council. An added Rotary touch was given when a member of the Club painted the entire sign.

list grouped by nicknames. By studying the list and the pictures in the Club roster, members have been aided in solving the problem posed by multiple nicknames. As the bonds of friendship become firmer with each meeting, the use of the listing becomes more infrequent.

How Important Is Food? Read On When a District Governor holds a Club Assembly, he usually receives some reports, and thus some came to Edwin Smith, of WENATCHEE, WASH., Governor of District 153, when he visited the Rotary Club of OLIVER, B. C., CANADA. One of the reports was strictly for fun, although it did convey a thought about the importance of care in planning luncheon menus. It was submitted by the Club's Catering Committee, and read, in part, as follows: "The Committee's master plan for the ensuing year is to place before the members a carefully balanced diet containing calculated quantities of the various vegetable, animal, and mineral products in the hope of minimizing the incidence of rickets, beriberi, and just plain hunger."

Aid Farm Youth? Here's One Way! Whether it's money or advice a farm youth needs, the Rotary Club of NEW IBERIA, LA., is organized to give the youngster a hand. To do so, the Club has a Livestock Committee that administers a loan fund and

also arranges for expert advice to be given boys and girls in the purchase and care of cattle or sheep. A recent report on the activity indicated that more than \$3,000 had been loaned and that the Committee had assisted in the purchase of 17 dairy heifers and four sheep for farm youths. Each year when young farmers of NEW IBERIA attend the livestock auction in ALEXANDRIA, LA., a Committeeman goes along to offer expert counsel. In addition to the work of its Livestock Committee, the NEW IBERIA Club has also organized a live-stock-improvement group to promote interest in animal husbandry among rural youth in its parish.

Light and Fluffy Does the Trick!

Not long ago the Rotary Club of DELRAY BEACH, FLA., was in need of a cake baker. Could any member whip up a cake? No—but the 15-year-old son of a member could and did. He did it as the Rotary Club's entry in a local cake-baking contest to raise funds for the construction of a high-school athletic field. Other organizations—both men and women—also had baking representatives in the contest. On "men's night" all the male bakers produced their lightest and fluffiest cakes, and the winner was the Rotary entry, young Harry Benson. He won an electric mixer. On the final night all group winners competed for the grand prize, and this pitted Harry against women bakers, too. After the judges did their tasting and examining, they announced the grand winner: Harry Benson. For having the winner, the Rotary Club won a \$400 electric range, which it donated to a committee raising funds for the playing field. All the cakes were auctioned for \$500. For his skillful mixing the Club gave Harry a mountain tent for his Boy Scout camping trips.

It Pays to Be a Safe Driver

Yes, in MOUNT LAWLEY, AUSTRALIA, it pays to be a safe driver, and the payment came to two pounds and two shillings during the Rotary Club's recent "Courtesy Week." The Club sponsored the community wide project as a means of focusing



Famed violinist David Rubinoff plays his Stradivarius prior to his performance at a joint meeting of Kiwanis, Lions, and Rotary in Trinidad, Colo. At right is Robert Myers, the President of the Trinidad Rotary Club.

attention on the importance of courtesy by vehicle drivers. On each of the six days of the campaign, a winning driver was chosen and awarded a prize of two pounds and two shillings. To select each day's "safest driver," a MOUNT LAWLEY Rotarian toured the city with a local newspaper reporter to spot outstanding demonstrations of courtesy behind the wheel. One day the courtesy spotters travelled 50 miles before making the award.

Here Comes the 'Show Wagon'!

"Show Wagon" time came to NEW BEDFORD, MASS., not long ago when the Rotary Club joined with a local newspaper in sponsoring an entertainment on wheels. Produced once a week for six consecutive weeks, the show featured talented youngsters and adults who sang, danced, performed magic tricks, and played musical instruments. More than 50 performers appeared during the six shows, and the audiences in city parks ranged from 1,750 to 3,000 each night. A NEW BEDFORD Rotarian provided a 30-foot-long platform truck, driver, and gasoline. A piano was secured to the truck, and an amplifying unit accompanied the rolling show. The show was put on to provide entertainment for the community and to give talented neighbors an opportunity to display their abilities.

Many Painters Do

a Job—but Quick! In cooking it is said that too many chefs spoil the broth, but when it comes to house painting that reasoning doesn't apply. As proof, take the experience of the Rotary Club of YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO. The Club wanted to have a home for crippled children

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Painted at the lowest cost possible, so its painting and decorating member came up with an idea. He offered to furnish the paint, if members of the local painters' union would wield the brushes. It was agreed, and on a certain Sunday 35 men in white overalls and caps completed the three-story job in two hours.

'If This Be So, This We Know'

In California's famed San Fernando Valley there's a rivalry between two service clubs that breaks out annually on the baseball diamond. One is the SUNLAND-TUJUNGA Rotary Club, the other is the TUJUNGA Kiwanis Club. The '52 game was lost by the Rotarians, one of whom recorded the defeat in verse. He is Phil Keltner, and two of his stanzas follow:

*They say the score was nothing more
Than just a vague detail,
Kiwanis taunts, and Rotary wants
The umpire put in jail.
The women gab about the flap
On husband's fallen chest:
If this be so, then this we know!
Rotarians eat the best.*

*They chose the course of charley-horse,
Of sprain, of body bruise;
To prove that age is not a gauge
Of whether you win or lose.
The lights are dark in Sunland Park
And gone the scream and jeer,
But Rotary men will try again
To wreak revenge next year.*

Westminster Hails Rail Centennial

The railway station in WESTMINSTER, MD., was the scene recently of a celebration that harked back to the crinoline and bustle days of 1852. The station was draped with flags and the ladies wore costumes of the era—all as part of the Rotary Club's centennial celebration for the Western Maryland Railway. On hand for the event were officials of the company and many local municipal officers. A high light of the affair was a dinner attended by more than 500 persons.

Tanjore Opens Hospital Ward

Rotary's third avenue of service has led to the improvement of hospital facilities in TANJORE, INDIA, with the recent opening of a new 120-bed maternity ward whose construction was sponsored by the Rotary Club.



"Gentlemen, your speakers for today," Del K. Hinckley (right), President of the Bedford, Ohio, Rotary Club, is about to say as he presents two 10-year-old lads of the school safety patrol. The boys actually were the speakers for the meeting. At left is Sam Hott, Chairman of the program.



On the campus of Florida State Fire College in Ocala, Fla., Kenneth E. Wacker, Governor of District 244, imbeds tree in the memory of Rotary's Founder, Paul P. Harris. Looking on is Broward Lovell, Ocala Club President.

Called the "Rotary Maternity Block," it was erected at a cost of 25,000 rupees and consists of two wings, each 74 feet by 18 feet. The project was undertaken by the TANJORE Club when it learned of a shortage of maternity beds in a local hospital. A community-wide fund drive brought contributions that ranged as high as 7,500 rupees.

Fellowship along the Rio Grande Clubs on opposite sides of the Rio Grande often hold joint meetings that create many friendly international ties, and two that recently did so are MCALLEN, TEX., and MATAMOROS, MEXICO. From south of the border came 14 MATAMOROS Rotarians to MCALLEN to conduct a Club meeting and to present a large silk Mexican flag to their hosts. Following the meeting, the Mexican visitors were taken on a tour of the city. To mark the visit, MCALLEN published its Club bulletin for the week in both English and Spanish.

Burwood Youth Get Sound Advice The words of a judge reached many youthful ears in BURWOOD, AUSTRALIA, recently when the local Rotary Club invited Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, and members of the Police and Citizens Boys' Club to hear a judge



Opposite a city park in Manhattan, Kans., stands this "courtesy ride station" of limestone and concrete built by the Rotary Club for \$600. Because thousands of soldiers at near-by Fort Riley wait at the station for motorists to give them a ride, it is commonly known as "Soldier Pickup Station."

speak on good citizenship. It was called "Youth Evening," and the judge directed his remarks to both the young people and Rotarians. Besides the sound advice they received on the proper use of leisure time, the young guests also learned something about Rotary and the men who further its goals in BURWOOD.

Youth Day Marks Newark's 150th When the Ohio community of NEWARK celebrated its 150th anniversary recently, a week-long schedule of events marked the occasion. "Days" were held, such as "Homecoming Day," "Religious-Freedom Day," and "Youth Day." The last event was sponsored by local Rotarians and featured a parade in which more than 1,000 children took part. Costumed marchers vied for prizes—a pony and two bicycles—offered by the Club, and after the parade was over each participant was

treated to ice cream. "Youth Day" was climaxed by an evening concert presented by the high-school band.

Caps and Jackets for Safety's Sake School patrol members who direct traffic in FORT MYERS, FLA., and BAY MINETTE, ALA., are quickly identifiable by motorists—thanks to the Rotary Clubs of those communities. In FORT MYERS the Club donated \$100 for the purchase of 100 white caps for all county school patrollers, while in BAY MINETTE the Rotary Club purchased red jackets for the students.

For an Informed Public Opinion Since 1927, except for the period of World War II, the Institute of Public Affairs conducted by the University of Virginia has been held annually to promote public enlightenment on problems of international importance. In 1935 the Rotary Clubs of District 277 began contributing to the Institute's support, and have continued to do so to the present time. The 19th session of the Institute was recently conducted around the general theme "Problems of the Presidency."

\$40,000 for Community Work In the PARRY SOUND, ONT., CANADA, Rotary Club someone recently put pencil to paper to do some figuring on the Club's fund-raising activities for Community Service projects. The object was to determine how much had been raised during the Club's 16 years of existence. When all the figures were amassed and totalled, a grand sum of over \$40,000 was reached. All of it has been expended on projects for community betterment.

25th Year for 23 More Clubs It's birthday cheer for 23 Rotary Clubs celebrating their 25th anniversaries this month. Congratulations to them! They are: Siler City, N. C.; Juiz de Fora, Brazil; Solothurn, Switzerland; Asuncion, Paraguay; Sarnia, Ont., Canada; Tecumseh, Mich.; Bury, England; Ware, Mass.; Franklin, N. H.; Basingstoke, England; Catlettsburg, Ky.; Alturas, Calif.; Iquique, Chile; Stanford, Ky.; Bahia Blanca, Argentina; Saint Raphael, France; Chester, Ill.; Mendoza, Argentina; Morrisville, Pa.; Braddock, Pa.; Hawthorne, N. J.; Webster, Mass.; Chelsea, Mass.

GoodmaysLearns, Then It Acts! Many are the ways that Rotary Clubs find their opportunities for service. Recently the Rotary Club of GOODMAYES, ENGLAND, saw an opportunity to help some needy children when a visiting Rotarian from FERNDALE, MICH., told about a children's home his Club aids. After the U. S. A. visitor left, the GOODMAYES Club decided that it had come upon a good opportunity for both International Service and youth work. It combined the two by collecting scores of toys, games, and books, and shipping them to the children's home in FERNDALE. Thus, new friendly ties have now been es-



At Maine's sixth annual "Sea Foods Festival" that featured parades, floats, a "Festival Princess," and delicious lobster dinners, many service-club members "pitched in" to help make the three-day event a success. Here Rotarian Chas. T. Smalley does his bit by selling tickets for the pony rides.

mented between the two Clubs. Also planned by GOODMAYES was a similar toy project for children aided by the Rotary Club of WESTON-MOUNT DENNIS, Ont., Canada. Locally the GOODMAYES Club is sponsoring a garden arranged especially for the blind. One of its features is the identification of flowers by the use of Braille signs.

Ice Hockey for Little 'Shavers' This is the season in the colder climes when ice hockey gets under way on little outdoor ponds and big indoor skating rinks. In ST. MARY'S, ONT., CANADA, the game is being played by youngsters in the 8-to-11 age bracket, and sponsoring their "Pee Wee Hockey League" is the local Rotary Club. Plans were made for at least four teams in the league, and the Club was to provide players with sweaters. Games were scheduled for each Saturday, with Rotarians planning to be present.

Rotary Enters 18 More Communities Since last month's listing of new Clubs, ROTARY has gained 18 additional ones in many parts of the world. Welcome to them! They are (with their sponsors in parentheses): Ferozepur (Patiala), India; Caçapava do Sul (Santa Maria), Brazil; Bhusaval (Jalgaon), India; Pudsey, England; Hikone (Otsu and Nagahama), Japan; Toyooka (Himeji and Kobe), Japan; Votuporanga (São José do Rio Preto), Brazil; Mossel Bay (George), South Africa; Forest Hill (Toronto), Ont., Canada; Nanded (Hyderabad), India; Vorarlberg (Innsbruck), Austria; Chittagong (Dacca), Pakistan; São Bernardo do Campos (São Caetano do Sul), Brazil; Dursley, England; Amsterdam-Zuid (Amsterdam), The Netherlands; Viitasaari (Jyväskylä), Finland; Concordville (Media), Pa.; Ocean City (Salisbury), Md.

On Hand Every Week!

THESE 72 ROTARIANS HAVE BEEN 'PERFECT ATTENDERS'
FOR 15 YEARS OR MORE.



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(1) Ed Brouillard, honorary, 34½ yrs., Charles City, Iowa; (2) Earl M. Lawrence, sporting-goods retailing, 34½ yrs.; (3) Percy C. Hicks, caterer, 33½ yrs.—both of Lynn, Mass.; (4) Le Moyne R. Graham, past service, 32 yrs.; (5) Hart W. F. Graham, groceries retailing, 21 yrs.—both of Butler, Pa.; (6) James M. Christensen, senior active, 32½ yrs.; (7) Ralph E. McWhinnie, education—universities, 26½ yrs.—both of Laramie, Wyo.; (8) Detus V. Swing, shoes—retail, 31 yrs.; (9) John M. Culver, senior active, 25½ yrs.—both of Bartlesville, Okla.; (10) C. V. Martin, architecture, 31½ yrs., Ashland, Ohio; (11) Walter F. McElroy, education—piano, 30 yrs., Carthage, Mo.; (12) Bert M. Gibbs, senior active, 30½ yrs., Princeton, Ill.; (13) Will T. Archer, real estate, 31 yrs., Sheffield, Ala.

(14) Joseph M. McCormick, past service, 30 yrs.; (15) Harry P. Leu, honorary, 30 yrs.; (16) Jacob Burkhardt, plumbing, 29 yrs.; (17) John R. Graham, mosaic and marble tile, 25 yrs.; (18) Walter W. Rose, real-estate development, 23 yrs.; (19) John N. Wigfall, past service, 22 yrs.; (20) Carville H. Carson, past service, 21 yrs.; (21) Paul J. Stine, machinery and mill supplies, 20 yrs.; (22) Horace L. Jacobs, Jr., printing, 20 yrs.; (23) Benjamin A. Carpenter, general farming, 20 yrs.; (24) Arthur H. Park, fire insurance, 18 yrs.; (25) Linton E. Allen, honorary, 18 yrs.; (26) Milton S. Vergrove, property management, 17 yrs.; (27) Roy Horan, recreation—country clubs, 17 yrs.; (28) Harry M. Voorhis, general law practice, 16 yrs.—all of Orlando, Fla.

(29) Laurence W. Robinson, newspaper publishing, 30½ yrs., Mitchell, So. Dak.; (30) Harvey B. Lyon, senior active, 30 yrs.; (31) Sam Terry, heating and ventilating, 16 yrs.—both of Oakland, Calif.; (32) Walter E. Newcombe, telegraph and cable service, 28½ yrs., Grants Pass, Oreg.; (33) Karl F. Elper, physical therapeutics—optometry, 27½ yrs., Springfield, Ohio; (34) Nicholas Koskie, musical instruments, 28½ yrs.; (35) Henry McKenney, optometry, 28½ yrs.; (36) Edward O'Connor, fire insurance, 27½ yrs.; (37) L. Morris O'Connor, fire insurance, 25½ yrs.; (38) Chester M. Knight, YMCA, 17½ yrs.; (39) J. Nelson Norwood, past service, 17½ yrs.—all of Hornell, N. Y.

(40) T. W. Thrunre, honorary, 27 yrs.; (41) W. J. Thurow, wooden-box manufacturing, 24 yrs.—both of Winona, Minn.; (42) W. C. Daumueller, musical instrument retailing, 26 yrs., Lebanon, Ill.; (43) Ray Van Meter, newspaper publishing, 25½ yrs., Trenton, Mo.; (44) David L. Christie, past service, 25½ yrs., Suffern, N. Y.; (45) Alex Cohen, past service, 25½ yrs., Lansing, Mich.; (46) Edmund G. Hazzard, drugs—retailing, 25½ yrs.; (47) Edward N. Saxton, drygoods—retailing, 25½ yrs.—both of East Rochester, N. Y.; (48) Conrad Rotenberg, men's tailoring, 25½ yrs., Hammond, La.; (49) Richard Diradourian, cotton goods—manufacturing, 23 yrs., Roselle-Roselle Park, N. J.

(50) Charles H. Babbitt, honorary, 22½ yrs.; (51) George Fletcher Wason, public defense—land, 18½ yrs.—both of Nashua, N. H.; (52) Garland K. Linckous, senior active, 22½ yrs.; (53) Garnett E. Wyatt, automobiles—retailing, 21 yrs.; (54) Walter W. Bridges, insurance, 18 yrs.—all of Danville, Va.; (55) Earl C. Boozer, auto repairing, 20 yrs., Winter Haven, Fla.; (56) Lowell C. Tallman, physical therapy—optometry, 20½ yrs., Ames, Iowa; (57) P. Arkley Kemp, newspaper publishing, 19 yrs.; (58) Mal Griswold, telephone service, 16 yrs.—both of Clifton Springs, N. Y.; (59) E. D. Kaser, locker manufacturing, 18½ yrs., Aurora, Ill.; (60) J. M. Hirschinger, telegraph and cable service, 18 yrs., Quincy, Ill.

(61) Russell F. Smith, fire insurance, 17½ yrs.; (62) Charles H. Kryder, automobile associations, 17½ yrs.; (63) Frank E. Kilande, electric equipment—distributing, 16½ yrs.; (64) Frederick H. Schrop, senior active, 16½ yrs.; (65) Frank E. Allen, public schools—administration, 15½ yrs.—all of South Bend, Ind.; (66) Charles H. Stone, senior active, 17 yrs.; (67) David Clark, senior active, 10 yrs.—both of Charlotte, N. C.; (68) Archie T. Hudgins, groceries—retailing, 16 yrs., Portsmout, Va.; (69) Lyle G. Weller, law practice—chancery, 16 yrs., Staunton, Va.; (70) S. Ira Minton, cotton ginning, 15 yrs., Gurdon, Ark.; (71) Frank Botham, municipal public baths superintendent, 16 yrs., Manchester, England; (72) H. K. Maesaka, dentistry, 15 yrs., Wahiawa-Waialua, Hawaii.

Photos: (1) Bugenhagen; (2) Griggs; (3) Colbourn; (33) Mills; (34-39) Hornell Evening Tribune; (41) Cutler; (45) Mitchell; (47) Parrotta; (64) Blackstone; (65) Priddy-Thompson; (68) Cheshire; (69) Beverley; (70) Harris.



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Odd Shots

Can you match these photos for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editors of *The Rotarian*. If used, the "odd shot" will bring you \$3. But remember—it must be different!



Balancer extraordinary is this little tyke—or so it would seem. The unusual combination of nose and tree was recorded on photo film by Mary F. Ballew, daughter of the Lenoir, N.C., Rotary Club's first President.



You want my photo? Why, sure—but wait until I come closer." And when the accommodating ostrich did, a camera in the hands of S. E. Warren, former member of the Rotary Club of Rhinebeck, N.Y., made this "shot."

Twenty Years of Debates-of-the-Month

[Continued from page 27]

State in the Woodrow Wilson Administration who had been instrumental in setting the U.S.A. on the policy of not recognizing the State set up by the Bolshevik revolution.

Our Editors may have had their resignations already to hand in; I never asked. But I do know they were disappointed—happily. Of all the letters that came in after this daring debate, only one strenuously objected. It came from a college president. If you must discuss such questions in our ROTARIAN, he said, don't leave them dangling. Tell the reader the way Rotary wants him to think.

"That is just what we do not do," he was politely informed by return mail. "Rotary has never declared itself on such issues, nor is it likely that it will. As for the impartially presented debates in THE ROTARIAN—well, we believe with Thomas Jefferson that even 'Errors of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.'"

The tempest of protest died in the teapot. And the propriety of debates-of-the-month was established. Now month by month for 20 years, THE ROTARIAN has regularly explored problems, issues, and policies ranging from "more than one Rotary Club in a city" to international control of atomic energy with Andrei Gromyko expressing his views. Rotarians can take proper pride in the fact that this series is the oldest continuously conducted press forum in America and, as far as I know, in the world. Alongside it, the justly famed "America's Town Meeting of the Air" is a kid brother, for it wasn't started till 1935.

If you'd like to see a running list of problems that have worried Rotarians around the planet these past two decades, ask THE ROTARIAN for the pamphlet *Toward a Clarified Public Opinion*. It's a record of the monthly discussions and makes sort of a social history of our times. Here's a grab sample:

Liquor control, 30-hour week, Government ownership of munition plants, League of Nations, duck conservation, college fraternities, chain stores, opera in English, compulsory labor arbitration, cooperative retail deliveries, independence of India, reciprocal-trade agreements, gold standard, socialism, licensing the press, St. Lawrence Seaway, international language, tipping, college-athletics control, equal wages for women, Federal regulation of rain making. . . .

Any magazine could envy the list of contributors to the debates-of-the-month. They include such manshapers of thought and action as these:

Lord Cecil, Clarence Darrow, George E. Sokolsky, John Strachey, Jane Adams, Stuart Chase, Nina Wilcox Putnam, Stephen Leacock, Frank Lloyd Wright, H. G. Wells, John Edgar Hoover, Toyohiko Kagawa, Pertinax, William Green, Sinclair Lewis, Gelett Burgess, Norman Thomas, James Truslow Adams, Lawrence Tibbett, Donald Culross Peattie, Harold E. Stassen, Mortimer Adler, Allen B. DuMont, Robert Maynard Hutchins, Carlos P. Romulo, Sir Norman Angell, Justice Owen Roberts, Senator Tom Connally, and Charles E. Wilson.

To change the pace, THE ROTARIAN frequently swings from *pro* and *con* exchanges to symposiums. *When Should a Man Retire?* was discussed in one roundtable. George Bernard Shaw led off with a perky statement, followed by numerous comments. "Rotary Anns" joined in a hot argument as to whether retailers should mark up prices on a rising wholesale market. Border-line problems of business ethics are often centered around a "type situation" with answers given to: "What would you do?"

These monthly discussions have helped whip up fine reader interest. Surveys made by our Editors show that. They were started in the '30s when the late Walter F. Dunlap, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, advertising executive, Chairmanned the Magazine Committee and reveal consistently more than 75 percent of the subscribers read two or more articles an issue—which any magazine man will tell you is extraordinary.

"I look for the debates each month" is a common comment from interviewees. So do their wives. And so



"Say, do you know what time it is?"

do their daughters and sons and their friends, especially those studying public speaking. Debaters can run down any article published in THE ROTARIAN since 1934 by using *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* index.

"The Bates College debate room is just across from the men's lounge," Professor Brooks Quimby writes. "The debaters have long been aware of the monthly debates in THE ROTARIAN, as frequent forays in the lounge testify!"

That's typical of the evidence that THE ROTARIAN is doing a public-relations job for Rotary where it counts most. For from youngsters of today we'll recruit Rotarians and "Rotary Anns" of tomorrow. Respect for Rotary planted now can reap an important harvest.

"Rotary's silent salesman" gets around the world, too. In Perth, Australia, for example, the Parliamentarian librarian was so impressed by debates on gold standard, social credit, legalized betting, and so on that he had typed copies made for use of legislators. Translations and adaptations appearing in *REVISTA ROTARIA* carry the debates throughout the Spanish-speaking world.

IMPORTANT though such public-relations benefits may be, they are but by-products. The main purpose of the debates-of-the-month is to inform Rotarians and by informing them to discover and to encourage in Rotary's diversity a unity—the cohesive unity of tolerance and respect for others and for their opinions. Hundreds of Rotary Clubs have taken the cue and often stage programs around the month's debate, with both sides presented fairly and impartially—but with no decisions!

What these debates - of - the - month, launched with misgivings 20 years ago, now mean has been well put by Edward J. Meeman, Rotarian and famed editor of the Memphis, Tennessee, *Press-Scimitar*.

"THE ROTARIAN is uncolored," he wrote, "but not colorless. It shows vigor by presenting the most controversial questions. It shows fairness by presenting both sides. It demands attention by obtaining the most intelligent and authoritative writers to discuss these questions. By the manner in which they are presented and are discussed it promotes understanding and urbanity."

But I really like better what a thoughtful mill-run Rotarian told me yesterday. I had mentioned that I'd been asked to set up a flag at the 20th milestone of THE ROTARIAN's debates-of-the-month.

"That ought to be easy," he said. "Just tell 'em those debates have shown us Rotarians how to disagree agreeably. And that's the A-B-C lesson in the primer of what we call democracy."

AFTER THE CONVENTION

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Let's Get Rid of Booby-Trap Highways

[Continued from page 14]

to the passing motorist. At the same time States completely overlooked an important new source of highway revenue. Every year vacationing motorists spend 6 billion dollars along the heavily travelled main highways. Yet the gas stations, motor courts, taverns, outlet stores, and other establishments which have sprung up along State highways to reap the golden harvest contribute absolutely nothing to highway support.

With road costs doubled since World War II, State gasoline taxes are going up. On the face of it, they seem fair enough: the more you use the roads, the more you pay toward their upkeep and improvement. But in practice it doesn't work out that way.

Consider the delicate matter of distributing the tax load fairly among all types of highway users. For better or for worse, even on modernized roads, you still have to put up with trucks and busses—about 9 million of them. That's one truck or bus for every five passenger cars and the ratio is steadily increasing. Studies of highway capacity indicate that a single large truck has an effect on traffic conditions equal to that of from two to five passenger cars. Heavy loads cause a phenomenon known as "road pumping" which loosens the foundations at the joints and causes the slabs to teeter up and down until they are broken. Highway engineers, digging up ruined pavements, find that overloaded trucks have broken even the reinforcing steel imbedded in the concrete to prevent breakage of the slabs. Yet the law makes no distinction between the effect of a gallon of gas used in your car and the far greater effect of a gallon used by a truck.

Thanks largely to pressure from the American Automobile Association, 21 States have passed constitutional amendments prohibiting the diversion of motor-tax revenues. But 27 other States still divert some 217 million dollars annually.

How can we make sense out of our sprawling, formless highway system? The first step is to find out what kind of roads we actually need and build them where they're needed most. For years the Bureau of Public Roads has been cooperating with the States to dig up the information necessary for "a definite, economically and socially defensible, integrated highway improvement program in all the States."

The surveys exploded the notion that we need continuous superhighways for direct coast-to-coast travel. By flagging down cars and asking questions on all main travel routes, the road pollsters

found that at any given time the trans-continental drivers on the road averaged no more than 300 in number.

Obviously, the only solution is to improve city and rural routes according to the traffic flow and regardless of political boundary lines. Congress acknowledged the fact for the first time in the Highway Act of 1944, which authorized Federal aid funds—matched with State funds—to be spent on improving both city and rural portions of 40,000 miles of key highways. Here, on paper at least, is the basis of our first, integrated U. S. highway system.

The roads in this system already exist. It's only a question of bringing them up to modern standards. They're only one percent of our roads, but they carry over 20 percent of all U. S. motor traffic. Serving each of the 48 States, they connect most cities of 10,000 or over—altogether 83 percent of the urban population. More than two-thirds of the nation's vehicles are owned in places in or near the system.

The design standards set for these all-important 40,000 miles are safe travel at 75 miles an hour for cars and 50 miles an hour for trucks in flat terrain. The minimum design speed anywhere, including city expressways, is 55 miles an hour for cars and 35 miles an hour for trucks. That doesn't mean you'll actually travel that fast. In fact, the legal speed limits would probably

ONE thing I know: the only ones among you who will be really happy are those who will have sought and found how to serve.

—Albert Schweitzer

change very little. "Design speed" is simply an engineering term for the extra safety margin built into the road.

On all major traffic arteries, the standard width of each lane will be 12 feet. Today over half our main highways have lanes under ten feet in width. Accident rates on the narrow lanes are exactly twice as high as on the wider lanes.

Where traffic averages more than 4,000 vehicles a day, a four-lane divided highway is required. We have only 2,000 miles of such highways. We urgently need 14,000 miles.

How much do such roads cost? Improvement of two-lane highways to meet modern standards will run be-

tween \$40,000 and \$80,000 a mile. Four-lane rural divided highways run between \$75,000 and \$250,000 a mile. Superhighways with limited access cost from \$100,000 to a million or more; city expressways from \$500,000 and up. The Congress Street Expressway to Chicago's Loop district will cost, it is estimated, 10 million dollars a mile.

That sounds as if city routes were almost prohibitively expensive. "The fact of the matter is the motorist gets more for his money from the improvement of heavy traffic roads," says G. P. St. Clair, financial and administrative Chief of the Public Roads Administration. An untreated gravel road built at a cost of \$3,000 a mile to carry a traffic of 30 vehicles a day costs four times more in vehicle-mile taxes than an urban expressway costing 3 million dollars a mile and carrying 50,000 vehicles a day.

More than half of the existing roads in the projected 40,000-mile network will have to be completely rebuilt on new rights of way. The old rights of way are too narrow—and too crooked. But the cost can be quickly repaid in economies of smooth-flowing traffic.

The only way America's 52 million motorists are going to get their tax money's worth of the kind of roads the whole nation needs is to speak up. One way of making yourself heard is to join your local motor club. Most motor clubs are affiliated with the American Automobile Association, the sole agency to fight the motorists' battles in Congress and most State capitals. Here, briefly, is what it's fighting for right now:

1. Concentration of a fair share of State motor-tax money and Federal aid on major routes, particularly the 40,000-mile national system of interstate highways.

2. Consolidation of 36,500 road agencies into larger regional groups, with adequate staffs for engineering and planning.

3. A fair tax break for the motorist, including repeal of Federal excise taxes, relief from the burden of local roads and streets, and State laws against the diversion of motor taxes to nonhighway purposes.

This is just what the road doctors order to cure a very critical case of hardening of the national arteries. It's a prescription that may save your life.

Consistency in Leadership

[Continued from page 31]

in the new circumstances. In such a case the inconsistency is not merely verbal, but actual, and ought to be boldly avowed. In place of arguments for coercion there must be arguments for conciliation; and these must come from the same lips as the former. But all this may be capable of reasonable and honorable explanation. The statesmen may say bluntly, "We have failed to coerce; we have now to conciliate," or alternatively, "We have failed to conciliate; we have now to coerce."

Apart from action in the march of events, there is an inconsistency arising from a change of mood or heart. *Le coeur a ses raisons que la Raison ne connaît pas.* Few men avoid such changes in their lives, and few public men have been able to conceal them.

Usually, youth is for freedom and reform, maturity for judicious compromise, and old age for stability and repose. The normal progression is from Left to Right, and often from extreme Left to extreme Right. Mr. Gladstone's progress was by a striking exception in the opposite direction. In the immense period covered by his life he moved steadily and irresistibly from being "the rising hope of stern unbending Tories" to become the greatest Liberal statesman of the 19th Century.

It were a thankless theme to examine

how far ambition to lead played its unconscious but unceasing part in such an evolution. Ideas acquire a momentum of their own. The stimulus of a vast concentration of public support is almost irresistible in its potency. The resentments engendered by the warfare of opponents, the practical responsibilities of a party leader—all play their part. And in the main, great numbers are at least an explanation for great changes.

"I have always moved," said Napoleon, "with the opinion of millions of men." To which, without risking the reproach of cynicism, we may add two other sayings: "In a democratic country possessing representative institutions, it is occasionally necessary to defer to the opinions of other people"; and "I am their leader; I must follow them."

The integrity of Mr. Gladstone's career is redeemed by the fact that these two last considerations played a far smaller part in his life than in those of many lesser public men whose consistency has never been impugned.

It is evident that a political leader responsible for the direction of affairs must, even if unchanging in heart or objective, give his counsel now on the one side and now on the other of many public issues. Take, for instance, the

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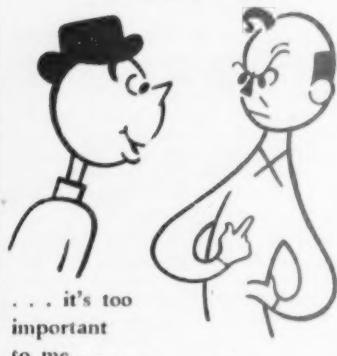
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strength and expense of the armed forces of a country in any particular period. This depends upon no absolute or natural law. It relates simply to the circumstances of the time and to the view that a man may hold of the probability of dangers, actual or potential.

These kinds of questions do not depend upon the intrinsic logic of the arguments used on the one hand or the other, but on taking a just view of the actual and governing facts of different periods. Such changes must, however, be considered in each particular case with regard to the personal situation of the individual. If it can be shown that he swims with the current in both cases, his titles to a true consistency must be more studiously examined than if he swims against it.

A more searching scrutiny should also be applied to changes of view in relation not to events but to systems of thought and doctrine. In modern British politics, no greater contrast can be found than in comparing the free-trade speeches of the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, as President of the Board of Trade in the early '80s, with the protectionist speeches which he delivered during the tariff campaign at the beginning of the 20th Century. Here we are dealing not with the turbulent flow of events, but with precise methods of thought.

Those who read Mr. Chamberlain's free-trade speeches will find that almost every economic argument which he used in 1904 was foreseen and countered by him in 1884. Yet the sincerity of his later views was generally accepted by friends and opponents alike. And, after all, once he had come to think differently on economic subjects from his former years, was it not better that he should unhesitatingly give his country the benefit of his altered convictions?

A statesman should always try to do what he believes is best on the long

view for his country, and he should not be dissuaded from so acting by having to divorce himself from a great body of doctrine to which he formerly sincerely adhered. Those, however, who are forced to these somewhat gloomy choices must regard their situation in this respect as unlucky.

A change of party is usually considered a much more serious breach of consistency than a change of view. In fact, as long as a man works with a party he will rarely find himself accused of inconsistency, no matter how widely his opinions at one time on any subject can be shown to have altered. Yet parties are subject to changes and inconsistencies not less obvious than those of individuals. How should it be otherwise in the fierce swirl of parliamentary conflict and electoral fortune?

Change with a party, however inconsistent, is at least defended by the power of numbers. To remain constant when a party changes is to excite invidious challenge. Moreover, a separation from party affects all manner of personal relations and sunders old partisanship. Still a sincere conviction, in harmony with the needs of the time and upon a great issue, will be found to override all other factors; and it is right in the public interest that it should do so.

Politics is, upon the whole, a generous profession. The motives and characters of public men, though constantly criticized, are in the end broadly and fairly judged. On the whole we may say with Crabbe:

*Minutely trace man's life; year after year,
Through all his days let all his deeds appear,
And then, though some may in that life be strange,
Yet there appears no vast nor sudden change;
The links that bind those various deeds are seen,
And no mysterious void is left between,*

Blue Print

*Men of our destiny, builders in stone,
Hew out the rock of granite to stand
Strong through the ages, forever our own,
Erecting a wall of light for our land.*

*Polish the girders of peace and good will,
Bridge the dark chasms of envy and greed;
Let tolerance master our hearts; let it fill
All the deep furrows of life with new seed.*

*Build a new world endowed with far vision,
Where all the nations of earth live as one;
Where only high purpose rules every decision,
And all men are free men, under the sun.*

—ALICE CRAIG REDHEAD

THE ROTARIAN

'Eddie Is a Dull Boy'

By C. A. WEBER

Rotarian, Willimantic, Conn.

AT AGE 16 he just squeaked through his eighth-grade examinations—this boy I'll call Eddie Samuelson because that's not his name. His teachers' verdict was "good natured but dull," and everybody, including Eddie, accepted it.

"Aw, sure I'll start high school this Fall," he told the new school superintendent with a grin. "I'll flunk before Christmas and then I'll get a regular job."

His emphasis on "regular" alluded to the fact that his vacation job was selling subscriptions to the *Review*. That's why he had dropped in at the school office.

"You're new here, Mr. Adams, and I guess you haven't heard that I'm the town dumbbell," Eddie went on easily. "I got flunked twice, but then the teachers passed me to get rid of me. But I don't expect 'em to do that in high school. I'm just dumb."

To the question "What makes you think so?" Eddie had an obviously often-given reply.

"Every teacher I ever had said so. My mother says so and my dad says so and so does Hank. He's my brother—and really smart. He'll be valedictorian next June and then he'll go to the university. But me—well, I guess everybody's right—I'm dumb."

There was neither envy nor malice in his voice—just bland acceptance of an obvious fact. When he left, the puzzled superintendent consulted the card file. There was the boy's record in many handwritings. It revealed that:

1. Eddie failed the first and third grades.

2. Teachers were unanimous that he was courteous, clean, healthy—but also dull. None reported real learning. He read and wrote poorly. He couldn't spell. Arithmetic problems stumped him. His knowledge of history and geography was negligible.

3. Eddie's I.Q. (Intelligence Quotient), according to the Otis test given in the sixth grade, was 89. His later scores in Stanford Achievement Tests for arithmetic, reading, and grammar were far below "normal."

4. All Eddie's records were cumulative—so that each of his teachers had known his previous records.

Still perplexed, the schoolman chatted with teachers and townsfolk about Eddie. All agreed that he wasn't smart. But he was always cheerful and the merchants, especially, liked him. He would sweep their stores, dust the shelves, and

empty wastebaskets and never asked for pay. They played a little game with him.

"Eddie, you helped a lot," a store-keeper would say, "and I want to pay you." Extending an open palm in which lay a nickel and a dime, he would tell the boy to take one. Eddie always reached for the nickel, presumably because it was larger, and everybody smirked and chuckled. The punch line of the story was that when someone once asked him why he took the less valuable coin, he answered, "If I ever took the dime, they'd quit offering me anything."

Eddie enrolled in high school that Fall, and his prediction about "flunking" was almost correct. He passed one subject—enough to interest him in school for the second semester. Or perhaps the physical-education class had something to do with it. He sort of took to it—especially that Spring when he limbered his muscles outdoors on the cinder track. The coach liked the way he picked up his feet.

"That kid has a natural stride," he said, "and the right physique to be a quarter miler. Too bad his scholastic record won't let him make the squad."

A REPORTER for the *Review* heard the remark, and put it in his column. There was quite a bit of talk about it around the school. Then to the surprise of all, Eddie was seen to be worried for the first time about his studies. He put in more time at his books and when June grades were announced, he had passed in English, general science, and botany.

That Summer he clerked in a grocery store. That old arithmetic bugaboo didn't seem to bother anyone. Never did fussy Widow Jones find an error in her bill. After work hours before going home he hurried to the school track for a workout.

In the Fall he was appointed cashier for the school-lunch program and did well. School children liked his ever-ready grin and easy manners. His grades were passing in English, algebra (which he had repeated), Shop II, and in botany. He made the basketball squad, even played a few times, but not enough to win a letter.

Came Spring and Eddie went out for track. His legs were well muscled now, and after winning the quarter-mile run in two dual meets he broke the county record with 52.3 seconds. His picture



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appeared in several newspapers. It was a new Eddie after that. Before he was graduated he had won the quarter mile in the conference meet in 51 seconds flat and had carried five instead of four subjects during two senior semesters.

Six years later Superintendent Adams, who meanwhile had moved to a larger city, was unavoidably late one day for a Rotary luncheon. As unobtrusively as possible he sought a seat at the rear of the room.

"We're lucky to have this successful coach and director of physical education with us," he heard the Chairman say. "He really has been burning them up with what he can do with boys in our neighboring State. His subject is 'Are Dull Boys Really Dull?'"—and he's an expert in boy psychology."

Superintendent Adams finally found a chair, then glanced at the platform. The tall smiling man stepping to the microphone was Eddie Samuelson!

Your Letters

[Continued from page 2]

considerable hunting for big game. I found that the photos, even in their fun, have a ring of truth which should register with all hunters.

There is, however, one little detail which should be called to the attention of "Peahen McGillicuddy," who is described as "woodsman enough to know that cast-off antlers mean a deer is fooling around these parts."

The antlers pictured were discarded a little further back than is the habit. They are still attached to the skull of the deer. The only kind of deer he might have hoped to find, which would have had any relationship to these antlers, would have been the famed "phantom deer."

The climax of the photo series is serving, and we enjoyed the adventures of Lo, the Mighty Hunter.

A Welcome for 'Thee'

Relayed by LOUIS LESTER, Rotarian
Boy Scout Executive
West Chester, Pennsylvania

In THE ROTARIAN for November, in the *Rotary Reporter* department, we West Chester Rotarians noted the Rotary sign being erected outside the meeting place of the Rotary Club of Wilshire, Los Angeles, California.

We, too, have a Rotary sign, and we're wondering if any other Club in



Was it the Quaker influence at work?

the world uses the wording which, I suspect, was prompted by the Quaker element in this fine old Pennsylvania community: "West Chester Welcomes Thee." [See cut.] If so, we would like to hear about it.

Lexington Wins Over Concord

Reports GAIL SMITH, Poultry Retailer
President, Rotary Club
Lexington, Massachusetts

May we have a mite of space to give Rotarians the result of the get-out-the-



Two thermometers registered a record.

votes contest between Rotarians of Lexington and those of Concord? The challenge to a contest, readers will recall, was noted in the *Rotary Reporter* department of THE ROTARIAN for November.

The photo [see cut] pretty well tells the story: Lexington, with 9,790 registered voters, got out 95.89 percent, while Concord, with 4,894 registered voters, got out 94.63 percent. The two thermometers were kept up to date every two hours on election day so all could see how the contest was going.

The Rotary Club of Concord paid off with a dinner. The contest was good fun all the way, and we believe we set a record for all time in our two towns. Certainly many who had not availed themselves of the right of franchise in previous elections were made aware of their heritage of the free ballot.

Birth Control for New Ideas?

'Technique for Accommodation'—Sir Josiah Stamp

[Continued from page 28]

they do not offset capital waste, and business losses and depression result.

Economic progress has been defined as the orderly assimilation of innovation into the standard of life of the common people. We may pay too high a price for a general rapid advance of two-thirds of the population, if it involves the distress and unemployment or impoverishment of the other one-third. It would be better for the whole front rank to advance at a speed of seven miles an hour than for a large number to go forward at ten miles an hour, while many of their colleagues fall down in the race, half kill themselves, and generally impede the orderly progress of society.

One of the most important factors in the past for adjustment to innovation, which we no longer possess, is the lessened rapidity in the growth of population due to the lower birth rate, now practically universal. When there was a constantly expanding market through an increasing number of new mouths and new bodies, there was a capacity for adjustment to an altered stream of supply, which introduced a very elastic element into society. But now that so many civilized countries are heading for a stationary population, this safety valve no longer exists.

Do we too easily encourage the new babies of science to be born and left casually on the doorstep of society? It is quite true that the scientists will say that they make their contribution to the good fortune of mankind in their own field, and they cannot be responsible for the disturbances in other areas that it may set up. This may be true of the individual scientist, but what is true of everybody individually may not be true of the whole, taken together, and it must be somebody's business to coördinate

nate what is happening and perhaps to prescribe the rate at which innovation shall be absorbed, or the freedom with which it shall be practically applied.

It is because society is trying to snatch the advantages of individual initiative under uncoördinated conditions that the vast new treasures of science create such a disturbing number of new problems as to provoke the question whether we are not paying too high a price for the rapidity of its progress. We are asking: might it not be better to make no more scientific discoveries until we have absorbed existing ones?

Must science ruin economic progress, or can we make the average human being, the average collection of beings in a nation, the average society, so resiliant, so elastic, and so responsive that it can adapt itself far more quickly than in the past?

Our habits of mind do respond to change, and it should be surely possible, first, to speed up the technique of change and adaptation; and, second, to introduce some coördination into the practical application of all new and far-reaching scientific ideas; and, third, to take some more social responsibility for hardships to individuals through no fault of their own, resulting from changes which benefit society.

Instead of assuming that nothing need be done until there is an overwhelming case for it, and we are, indeed, almost too desperate to do what then needs to be done; instead of supposing that nothing serious ever really happens until it hits us—let us have as a germ of our social and scientific organizations, some group of minds that can be eventually blamed and kicked for not having looked forward and warned us, and adjusted our social organization to meet the bump.

Birth Control for New Ideas?

Inventors Don't Invent Enough—Charles F. Kettering

[Continued from page 29]

and more efficient. So that today the average patient in surgery requires a much briefer stay in the hospital than he once did, and he is returned to his family far stronger and healthier. Plagues have been swept from the earth and the life of the average individual has been stretched an amazing number of years as the result of scientific research—far removed at its beginnings from medicine.

Will the economists who advocate a

planned society with a rationing of progress, please tell us how much longer the patient will have to remain in the hospital?

How much bad medicine must a patient be fed to stabilize things when science already has a cure ready?

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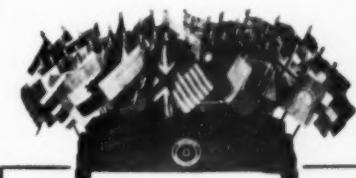


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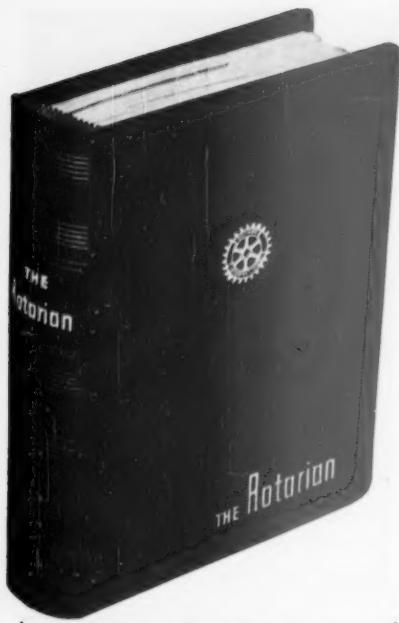


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rally from what might have been but a temporary slowing down of our pace. We would have been billions ahead if we had done this because we would not now have to pay out in taxation and charity the moneys that we have expended.

"This is all right," the economist will say, "if the advantages of the new machine are enough to make it worth while. But retiring them for a mere marginal advantage is sheer waste."

Does such a critic have an idea that automobile makers maintain large and alert forces of engineers running around their plants looking for places where an old machine might be thrown out for a marginal advantage? Talk with the foreman of a connecting-rod department, for example. He will tell you: "I can't get a new machine unless it will pay for itself in three years"—or six months, perhaps.

If a connecting rod breaks, the foreman has no difficulty at all in getting a new one. If the old machine wears out, he can without trouble order one of the same pattern. But a new machine, a new method, a new idea? Ah, then he must prove its merit first.

No sane businessman spends any such money unless he knows he is going to get a substantial profit from so doing. Marginal profits of this nature just do not happen in factories—not even in the boom years. They would mean business suicide.

The trouble has not been any waste in retiring machines that were not worn out; the trouble has been that they were not retired soon enough. That is just where our industrial organism bogged down. Industry began to "stabilize," as the economists want it, and that is what brought on the de-

pression—inssofar as industry had anything to do with bringing it on. Business was thinking more of savings than it was of keeping alive the capital-goods industries.

How the economic planners are going to ration thought I do not know. Prohibition did not prevent men from drinking and I do not see how any plan can be devised to keep them from thinking. Ideas move the world, not laws and regulations. Someone in Europe or Asia may write a scientific book. Someone else will take the knowledge in that book and put it to work and thereby he will tamper with the bacteria content of milk, the tensile strength of textile yarns, or the magnetic qualities of automobile alloy steels. Who knows what?

My own idea is that we—the human race—as yet know very little; practically nothing. We may be sure, then, that the greatest surety in our civilization is that instability of everything we know and do. We must keep our minds open. There is nothing permanent but change, and the more violently you struggle to hold back this inevitable movement, the more violent will be the reaction.

Some of the economists think we know too much already in the field of science and that our knowledge is clogging the road. The scientist knows all too well how little he knows. He knows with all his heart and mind and soul that he is just at the threshold—that he is just beginning his task of remaking the world nearer to all our desires. Everywhere we look there are tasks to perform. We will never get started on them by marking time.

Research is not man's despair but his greatest hope.

He Builds New Lives

[Continued from page 25]

surprising dexterity with his hands and before many weeks passed he began to make exquisite figures of animals." Within a few months he had regained his enthusiasm, and was thrilled with life again.

Each of us, tests show, is born with inherited creative potentialities, as different as our fingertips. At least an hour a day, Mohandas K. Gandhi believed, should be devoted by everyone to doing something creative with his hands. Rotarian Hall, who agrees thoroughly with this idea, tells of a businessman who was forced to stop working because of a bad heart. Believing that he had nothing to live for, he became neurotic and started to drink heavily. Instead of sending him to an institution, his psychiatrist sent him to the handicraft

school. When the man walked in, Hall was weaving cloth for a suit; the newcomer asked permission to operate the loom. He became so engrossed in weaving that he came early and stayed late; gradually he stopped wallowing in self-pity and his drinking tapered off. Simultaneously his heart improved so that he was able to go back to work part time. Today a loom occupies a prominent place in his living room, and he says, "Whenever I feel low, weaving acts as a pick-me-up."

Many of the students are war veterans. Those physically handicapped are taught crafts which enable them to make a living. One of the school's best weaving specialists is a man who lost one hand fighting in Korea. Problem children, bereaved widows trying to

find a purpose in life, and retired men and women enroll for as many courses as they desire. Celebrities, too, take advantage of the chance to relax: orchestra leader Andre Kostelanetz took up ornamental metalwork, dance director Ted Shawn chose wood carving, and composer Dr. Frank Black selected clay modelling.

During World War II Director Hall was called upon by the American Red Cross to help set up its basic training center in Washington, D. C., where 600 club and hospital-staff members learned arts and crafts techniques to teach servicemen overseas. At his school he gave courses in camouflage. Army tests show that if men are kept busy with handicraft before their first ordeal under fire, only negligible mental disorders occur. In one's creative hands rests the finest mental stabilizer known.

Hobbyist Hall's special assignment for Rotary Boys Work was a program for the Harlem Boys' Club, aimed to keep energetic teen-agers out of mischief and expend their energies fruitfully. After launching roof clubrooms, he loaned the boys camouflage installations which they enthusiastically modelled in miniature. This project kept them off the streets for an entire Summer.

YOUNG people remain his first love; in fact, he insists that a factor largely responsible for the rebuilding of his life around handicraft was his desire to share fun with his four youngsters, now grown up and enthusiastic arts and crafts devotees. "When one son became interested in photography," he recalls, "I became a dark-room enthusiast. I helped the other, a mechanically inclined lad, take the entrails out of practically everything from an alarm clock to a radio." With his clothes-conscious daughter he designed doll dresses; she later became a dress designer. "I know of no better way to develop comradeship with one's children than to share their hobbies," he insists.

Rotarian Hall fully favors the opening of community centers for creative work and hobbies, and is training teachers for such group work throughout the world. "As we grow older," this 68-year-old "retired" vice-president of the Purina-Ralston Company and one-time president of the Better Business Bureau and the Association of National Advertisers says, "we enjoy being useful rather than feeling important. The articles fashioned by our hands are our personally created children that fill the gaps when our grown children leave us. They compensate, too, for friends who have drifted away or disappointed us."

To be happy, he prescribes one enjoyable dose of creative relaxation every weekday, and a larger dose for week-ends and holidays.

JANUARY, 1953

Where to Stay



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan;
(RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

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Opinion

FROM LETTERS, TALKS,
ROTARY PUBLICATIONS

The Road of Fellow Feeling

WU MOON AUNG, Dentist
President, Rotary Club
Rangoon, Burma

Without great changes in human attitudes, without massive strides toward human understanding and brotherhood, the most perfect international machinery for peace will ultimately be unavailing. No mechanical device, no international charters or pacts, no diplomacy however ingenious, can save mankind from itself if man in his relations with man remains mean and brutish. Every individual today has it in his power, in his daily living, in his attitudes and practices, to contribute greatly to the realization of the ideal of peace. We need peace desperately, for in this age of supersonic air speeds, of atomic and hydrogen bombs, the survival of civilization—the very sur-

vival of mankind—is threatened. There is one road to peace and that is the road of fellow feeling and inflexible determination to achieve peaceful relations between men. It is a long hard road, too little travelled. Let us all begin to travel on it and each in his own sphere do his best to place service to mankind above everything else.

Examine Your Contribution

WILL BEARD, Rotarian
Hardware Retailer
Burwood, Australia

In the interests of Rotary, a movement which has a magnificent record to its credit, and which, in addition, has opportunities far beyond the conception of most people, every existing member should carefully examine his contribution to the cause, measuring it, not in terms of money or influence, but rather in the light of personal service and sincerity, for which there is no substitute.

Re: Choosing Club Personnel

C. GODFREY POGGI, Rotarian
Architect
Elizabeth, New Jersey

Not because we don't know, but merely as a reminder, the following is a brief cross section of the types of men who

One Man's 'Family'

A HAPPY third-grader in Sacramento, Calif., is 8-year-old Michaela G'schrey, a pert German lass from Munich. How Michaela and her mother happened to come to America is a heart-warming story that had its beginning on a train speeding from Salzburg to Munich in the Summer of 1950.

Travelling in Europe that year was Frank E. Judy, a Rotarian of Walnut Grove, Calif., and with him were his wife and daughter, Carolyn. Aboard the Salzburg-Munich express, the Judys fell into conversation with two fellow passengers: Mrs. G'schrey and Michaela. Looking back on the meeting not long ago, Mrs. G'schrey recalled, "We started talking and soon found we had similar ideas and feelings about many things."

By the time the train rolled into Munich, this chance meeting had become more than a train-ride acquaintanceship. The Judys visited the G'schrey home and chatted some more about Germany and the United States. When Mrs. G'schrey expressed a long-cherished desire to go to America, Rotarian Judy offered to help her. Before he left Germany, he had signed many papers at the American consulate for Michaela and her mother to emigrate to America to live at the Judy home in Sacramento.

Giving help to someone overseas, incidentally, was no new experience for Frank Judy. A British family of ten has known his generosity, for he helped it during wartime and later brought one of the children—a 12-year-old daughter—to California to regain her health. After nearly a year in the Judy household—and outside of it in California's sunshine—she returned to England pink of cheek and 24 pounds heavier.

In Europe that Summer, Rotarian Judy also met Omar Saadeddin, a young Viennese with his eyes toward the New World. Today Omar lives in Winnipeg, Man., Canada, and works at a job obtained for him by the widely travelled Frank Judy, who served Rotary as District Governor in 1951-52.

As far as he is concerned, helping others in distant lands is just a neighborly attitude applied across international borders instead of over back-yards fences. He refers to his European experiences as "my good fortune in becoming better acquainted with the people of Europe and being able to offer them some assistance."

As for little Michaela, she's doing fine. Her classmates now call her Mickey, and her teacher says she "smiles all the time and is very bright."



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BENJ. F. SCHWARTZ, Rotarian

Clergyman

Sidney, Nebraska

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More true love—less lovers;
More blessing—less cursing;
More assembling—less dispersing;
More grip and less gripe;
More sirloin—less tripe;
More mellow—less bellow;
More all-round good fellow;
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Can we hold self subject to service.
So let's keep Rotary in mind,

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—MAURICE P. BARCOCK, Farmer
Secretary, Rotary Club
Springfield, South Dakota

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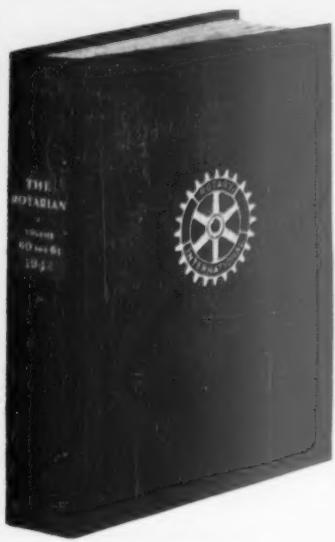
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HOBBY Hitching Post

THIS is the story of a hobby that actually grew out of this department some four years ago when ROTARIAN GEORGE W. PERRY, of Camden, Maine, decided to use this Magazine to help him acquire friends in other countries. He has titled it Inside the Hobby Hitching Post.

BEFORE I get into my story, I'd like to make a suggestion: If you are not familiar with the hobby directory that regularly appears on these pages, take a minute now to run down the listing for this month [see next page]. Note its global flavor: India, New Zealand, Japan, Australia, and other countries are represented. It was this internationality that started me on my hobby a few years ago, but to begin at the beginning I must go back many more years to my boyhood in Camden, Maine.

As far back as I can remember, I have been especially interested in other lands and their people. I still remember the chunky Italian fellow who sold roasted peanuts in front of a candy store in Camden. I recall, too, the many "foreign" families we had in our Penobscot Bay town, and among my schoolmates were lads and lasses from Sweden, Rumania, England, Germany, Norway, and other European countries.

In fact, as I look back, it seems that I have always been close to people from distant lands, whether it was at school, at work in New York City, in France during World War I, or during a year I spent in Turkey. Many of the associations I formed in those years still continue. For example, I still get letters from friends I made in France during my military days.

In 1929 my international contacts were broadened by my membership in the Rotary Club of Milford, Delaware. At that time Rotary was already in some 40 countries of the world, and it gave me no small measure of satisfaction to be united with men of so many lands. For a few years I had THE ROTARIAN sent to a Chinese friend in Shanghai, an arrangement that continued until the beginning of wartime restrictions.

My early interest in far lands had by then become almost a hobby, and it was quite natural that I developed a keen interest in the Magazine's hobby pages. The names of hobbyists in countries around the globe fascinated me. Most of them were youngsters named in the listing, and I wanted to know them, to communicate with them, if possible. The pressure of business, however, left little time for such an activity, and so I did nothing about it—but I didn't forget it.

When I retired a few years ago, I returned to Camden to enjoy my leisure—and part of it, I decided, I would devote to increasing my friendly associations in overseas countries through the hobby directory of THE ROTARIAN. By then I was more intrigued than ever with the idea. So . . . the first thing I did was to send postcards to everyone listed who lived outside the United States. On each card I included a word of greeting and commented on the person's hobby. For the philatelists—one of my pen friends once informed me that he was a philatelist, not a stamp collector—I attached a U. S. commemorative stamp to the card.

Soon the replies started to come in.



June 14, 1952
Dear George,
A terrific
Pen Pal.
With love.
Angelita Balocating

Cute Angelita Balocating, of Baguio, The Philippines, is one of Rotarian Perry's pen friends. He thinks she is "tops" as pen pal, and, judging from what she wrote (left) on her photo, she thinks that he is, too.

One of the first was from a Dutch lass named DICKY H. VAN EYS, of Hilversum, The Netherlands. DICKY's reply was a long letter, and this bothered my conscience more than a little because I had sent only a card. About a year ago, DICKY visited the United States, and in her travels from New York to Texas she saw friends she had made with the help of the *Hobby Hitching Post*. I saw her for a day in New York City as she left for her homeland.

In Ipswich, Australia, is ROTARIAN GEORGE A. BISHOP, another friend I acquired by "using" the hobby directory. GEORGE, as I recall, was interested in souvenir spoons. I wasn't. But our friendship by correspondence grew anyway. He had found it difficult to get 16-mm. film for his motion-picture camera, and asked me to send him a roll in exchange for some wool. He received the film, and I have a fine sport jacket made of pure Australian wool. GEORGE also sends me an Australian magazine.

One of the replies to my cards I shall never forget came from 13-year-old JANE PARIS, of Dunedin, New Zealand. With her letter she enclosed a formidable questionnaire for me to fill out. It asked my age, height, occupation, hobby, and other similar questions. I filled in the blanks and returned the form to JANE. I must have received a passing mark, because she still writes to me. When she was confined with a serious illness, I sent her magazines and newspapers that helped her in her schoolwork.

Then there is TASHI YAMAMOTO, of Toyohashi, Japan. He is working hard to learn English, and just about every month I get a letter from him in duplicate. I make corrections on one copy and return it. His daughter KEIKO sends me attractive Japanese postcards.

I could fill several paragraphs with the names of my pen friends around the world, but there are too many and for each there is a story to tell. Instead, I'll just set down some figures that will indicate the great number of world-wide contacts I have made through the *Hobby Hitching Post*. In the four years I have been pursuing this hobby, I have received the following number of letters and cards from each of these countries: Australia, 60; New Zealand, 38; England, 35; The Philippines, 27; The Netherlands, 29; Germany, 14; Algeria, 12; France, 5; India, 21; Denmark, 6; Japan, 4; and others from Brazil, Switzerland, China, South Africa, Sweden, Norway, and Burma. These figures do not include the magazines, newspapers, stamps, and greeting cards I have also received.

Based on the number of cards I have sent over the years, the response to date exceeds 50 percent—and I think that is very high. And remember, too, that I have written to persons who did

not ask for pen pals in the hobby listing. Thus, it was understandable to me when I received a note from a young lady who said she would not write because she "spent all her spare time on her stamp collection."

As I look back over the four years of my hobby, I wish that I had found more time to write longer and more frequent letters, especially to the younger boys and girls. If I were able to do so, I'd cross the seas to call on each of them. But a good substitute for face-to-face visits is to continue our correspondence across many borders.

Yes, the *Hobby Hitching Post* has brought me uncounted hours of pleasure and many friends in many lands. And I like to think it contributes its little to the better understanding of the peoples of the earth.

What's Your Hobby?

Some readers collect stamps, others are interested in photography, still others take to matchbooks and information on flora and fauna. But whatever it is, there's probably someone else who has a similar interest. THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM will be glad to list your name below, and thereby bring you opportunities to share your interest with others. The only requirement: that you be a Rotarian or member of a Rotarian's family; the one request: that you answer correspondence which the listing may initiate.

Elephants: Walter L. Heuman (collects material on elephants—pictures, statues (any medium), clippings, books, cards, etc.), 442 S. River St., Wilkes Barre, Pa., U.S.A.

Stamp Magazines: William T. Usinger (has collection of stamp magazines; will send one copy to anyone on request), Canal Fulton, Ohio, U.S.A.

Sand: Mrs. Harold Clare (wife of Rotarian—collects samples of sand from ocean beaches, river beds, sand banks, etc.; will exchange samples), 79 Walnut St., Arlington 74, Mass., U.S.A.

Postcards; Matchbooks: Donald S. Worth (son of Rotarian—collects picture postcards, matchbooks, seashells; wishes pen friends aged 11-13; interested in reading, bicycling, photography, handcrafts), 380 Wilbert Ave., Washington, Pa., U.S.A.

Stamps: Virginia Trone (daughter of Rotarian—collects stamps; wants pen friends in all lands), P. O. Box 372, Chenoa, Ill., U.S.A.

Miniature Cream Pitchers: Mrs. Thos. H. Hanson (wife of Rotarian—collects miniature cream pitchers), 521 E. Fourth St., Mountain Home, Ark., U.S.A.

Buttons: Mrs. Carl S. Walter (wife of Rotarian—collects buttons; will exchange), 410 N. Tenth St., Easton, Pa., U.S.A.

Silver-Plated Flatware: Howard J. Douglass (wants one piece each of 77 patterns of "1847 Rogers Bros." silver-plated flatware; condition not important), P. O. Box 544, Middlesboro, Ky., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: The following have indicated their interest in having pen friends:

Robert Brooks (son of Rotarian—wants to correspond with coin collectors in Switzerland, Monaco, and Trieste), Rt. No. 2, Sunnyside, Wash., U.S.A.

Brenda Freeman (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wants pen friends her age; interested in dramatics, Girl Scouts, music, movies, sports, swimming; collects blotters and small china animals), 23 High St., Kenton, Me., U.S.A.

Norma Myers (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—desires pen pals in U.S.A. and other countries), 104 Pearl St., Loch Haven, Pa., U.S.A.

Judith Robinson (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like pen friends all over the world; interested in movies, music, and collecting matchbook covers and calendars), 27 Fletcher St., Kennebunk, Me., U.S.A.

Wanda Bowen (17-year-old foster daughter of Rotarian—wants to correspond with girls her age in any country; interested in stamp collecting, accordion music, swimming, camping, writing, photography, sewing), Mountain Home, Ark., U.S.A.

Ruth Anderson (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wants like pen friends anywhere but North America) Union St., Yarram, Australia.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM



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Stripped GEARS



My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. Here is a favorite of Mrs. H. W. Hay, wife of a Somerset, Pennsylvania, Rotarian.

A 6-year-old visitor from the mainland was invited by his 10-year-old cousin to take part in their regular baseball game and was feeling pretty good about it. Batting near the end of the game, he hit safely. The next batter hit safely, the first batter's cousin yelling to the visitor reposing on first base, "Take second!" Another hit—"Take third!" yelled his new teammates. Then a weak grounder looked like a sure out. "Go home! Go home!" shrieked the youngsters. Mortified, the young visitor moved off the base path, steamed off toward home, through the hedge, along the roadway, and to the house.

Time Piece

I'm often asked the time of day
The while I put my watch away.
I always think a moment, then
My watch, of course, comes forth again!

—RICHARD WHEELER

The Answer Is on You

The correct words from the following definitions are the same as for parts of the human body:

1. Indicators. 2. Young animals. 3. Scholars. 4. Adhesive. 5. Flower. 6. Weapons. 7. Food fish. 8. Strait. 9. Lists. 10. Places of worship. 11. Fruiting spikes. 12. Tropical tree. 13. Tree stem. 14. Metrical Unit. 15. Spikes. 16. Box. 17. Whip. 18. Cover. 19. Curved structure. 20. Percussion instrument.

This quiz was submitted by Gerard Mosler, of Forest Hills, Long Island, New York.

Word Magic

Rearrange the letters in the definitions below and you will come up with a word of the same number of letters with a different meaning. For example: a vegetable into harm—bean, bane.

1. A dress into to drill.
2. An emotion into travelling expenses.
3. To grasp into to laud yourself.
4. A nail into dreary.
5. To rip into to classify.

6. An inhabitant of a European country into a college official.

7. Kitchen utensils into to halt.

8. Holiness into another emotion.

9. Fruits into to confuse.

10. A measure of paper into a horse.

This quiz was submitted by E. M. Marshall, of Hamden, Connecticut.

The answers to these quizzes will be found in the next column.

Twice Told Tales

"I'm sorry you don't like your gift," said the young man's rich and single aunt, "but I asked you whether you'd prefer a large check or a small one."

"That's true," replied her ungrateful nephew, "but I didn't know you were talking about neckties."—Summitt, Revelstoke, British Columbia, Canada.

The silver lining is easier to find in somebody else's cloud.—Rotanews, Chanute, Kansas.

"Jack, dear," said the bride, "let us try to make the people believe we've been married a long time."

"All right, honey," came the reply, "but do you think you can carry both suitcases?"—Rota-Greene, Greeneville, Tennessee.

He could neither read nor write, but when a distant relation died and left him a small fortune he started to make a splash. He acquired a check book, but instead of signing his name on checks he put two crosses, and the bank paid.

Then one day he handed the cashier a check signed with three crosses.

"What's this?" demanded the cashier. "You've put three crosses here."

"I know," was the reply, "but my wife's got social ambitions. She says I must have a middle name."—Rota-Greene, Greeneville, Tennessee.

The policeman stopped the man going down the street clad only in a barrel. "Are you a poker player?" the voice of the law demanded.

"No, I'm not," the culprit replied, "but I just left a group of fellows who are."—The Rotater, Abilene, Texas.

The trouble with most household budgets is that there's usually too much month left over at the end of the money.—RIGI, Grand Island, Nebraska.

Family Car

Each time I find a fender bent
I ask who drove that day,
But no one knows what caused the dent—
It must have grown that way.

—WARREN TAYLOR

Answers to Quizzes

THE ANSWER IS ON VOL. 1, HANDS, 2,
CHIVES, 3, PUPPIES, 4, GUM, 5, TITS,
TUMPLIES, 7, 11, EYES, 12, PALM, 13, TURN-
OVER, 14, 15, NAILS, 16, 17, CHEESE,
18, LID, 19, ACHES, 20, DRUM (GARDEN),
21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31,
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RESULTS— TELL THE STORY ABOUT ADVERTISING IN *The Rotarian*

- "Returns from The Rotarian are of excellent quality." Martha Dunlap, Secretary-Treasurer, National Truck Leasing System.
- "Readership of The Rotarian is proven by result-producing inquiries." G. H. Morgan, President, Morgan's, Inc.
- "The Rotarian has established itself as a 'regular' on our advertising media list." R. W. Gibson, Vice-President, Toro Manufacturing Corporation.
- "Because of outstanding performance, we have selected your publication as a prime testing medium." William N. Lane, President, General Binding Corporation.
- "The Rotarian audience and reader interest are valuable to us." Walter M. Langsdorf, Vice President, Tension Envelope Corporation.
- "In measuring sales vs. cost, The Rotarian rates high on our list." Harold W. Paul, Pres., International Bronze Tablet Company.
- "The Rotarian reaches the men and markets in which we are most interested." L. C. Finnell, Vice Pres., Finnell System, Inc.
- "The Rotarian offers us a dual market." David E. Sedgwick, President, The Waterman-Waterbury Company.
- "The Rotarian gives plus values that cannot be expressed in circulation figures alone." George M. Jensen, Vice-President, The Maico Company, Inc.
- "We have used The Rotarian since 1934." R. H. Potter, Mgr. Sales Promotion, Autopoint Company.
- "The Rotarian has brought us excellent returns." A. J. Jacobson, President, Clarin Manufacturing Company.
- "The Rotarian has consistently been one of our low cost quality inquiry producers." Walter Strain, General Sales Manager, Davidson Corporation.
- "The Rotarian's high reader interest has been proven by inquiries and orders." George B. Hunt, President, Milwaukee Dustless Brush Company.
- "We have considered The Rotarian a key advertising medium for four years." T. W. Hayes, Passenger Traffic Mgr., Wabash Railroad Company.
- "The Rotarian out-pulls the other magazines by 3-to-1." Louis C. Whiton, President, Prat-Daniel Corporation.
- "Results have been consistently good for three years." Chas. C. Bartlett, Treasurer, Rex-O-graph, Inc.
- "On the basis of consistent performance The Rotarian continues to serve us." O. T. Jacobsen, President, Jacobsen Manufacturing Company.
- "Careful readership is evident from results received during five years." H. P. Mueller, President, L. J. Mueller Furnace Company.
- "The Rotarian has the quality of readership we desire." E. J. Gossett, President, Bell & Gossett Company.
- "We have used The Rotarian consistently for fifteen years with good results." Haig S. Nahigian, President, Nahigian Bros., Inc.



35 East Wacker Drive

The Rotarian



Chicago 1, Illinois

